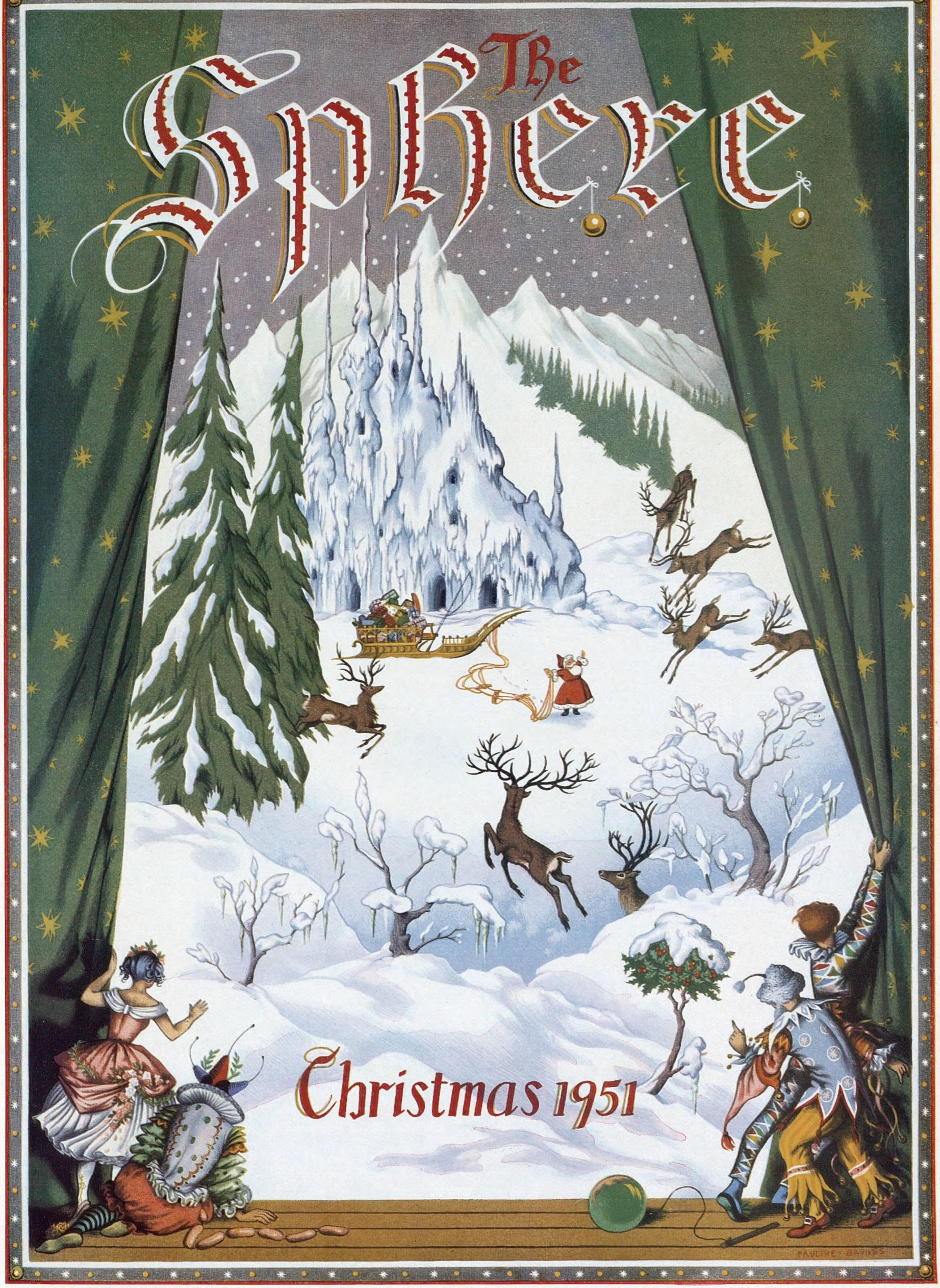

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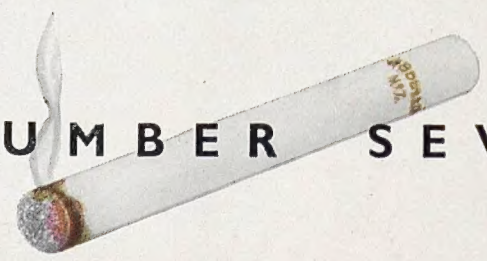

NUMBER SEVEN

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Christmas Contents

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There are so many of them, the old and infirm, the young and the lost, the halt and the lame, the sick and the friendless. Legions of them will wake up on Christmas morning with nothing save the ringing of the Church Bells to remind them that it is really a Day of Days, the Day of Rejoicing. Will you remember them as you kneel in church, as you sit down to breakfast and open your presents with your family? Remember, and in remembering give something—if you can—to all for whom we appeal in this journal. Send just a bit more than you can afford of your family treasure, and when you post it with your messages of Goodwill and Kindliness, you will know that you are helping to transform the flat, dull day of others into something more like your own Christmas.

You will indeed be sprinkling the Gilt on the Gingerbread.

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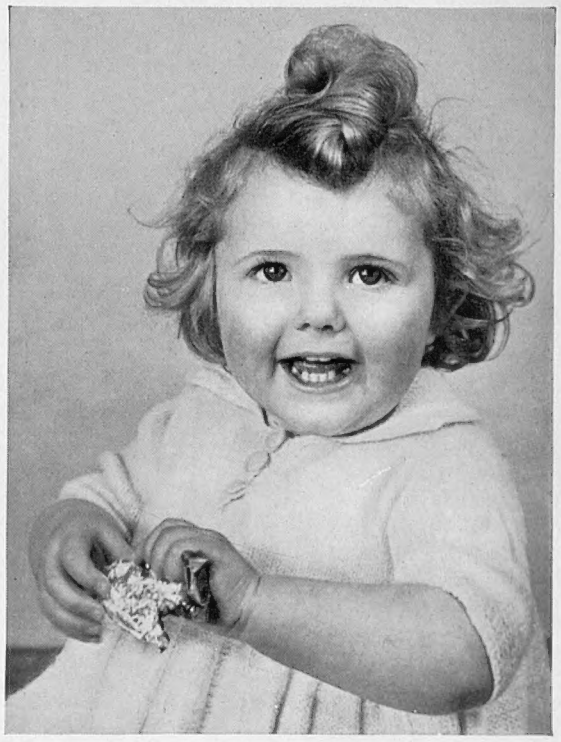

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There are many little children like her throughout the world whose few Christmas gifts, tokens of care and affection, come only from their friends of The Salvation Army. To the world's sick, poor and aged, The Salvation Army brings some comfort, too; some action of love, without which Christmas becomes a bitter memory. Please aid us in our efforts to spread amongst such as these a little of the joy and kindly spirit that will pervade *your* home at Christmas. Send a gift to General Albert Orsborn.

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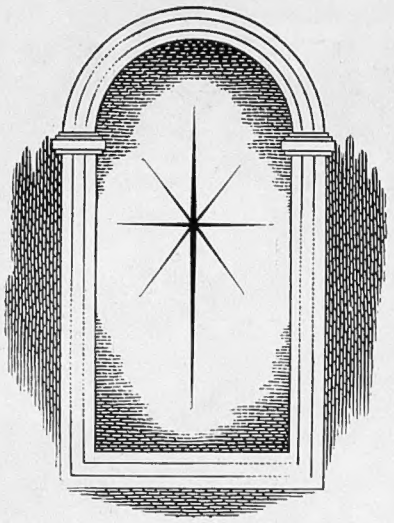

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There *is* a practical way of expressing universal goodwill—a gift to aid the researches of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. This organisation aims at the complete elimination of the universal scourge of Cancer. No gift is too small to help co-ordinate scientific research to this end.

Won't you and your family give something to help your fellow men?

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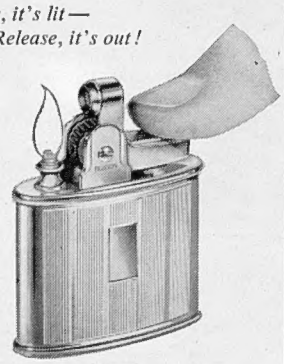

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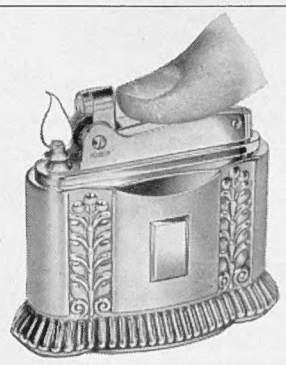

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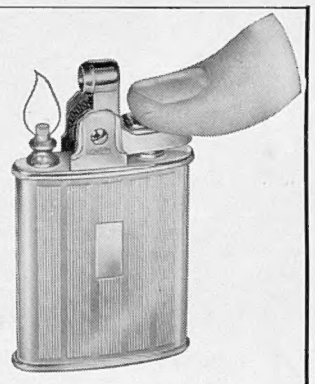

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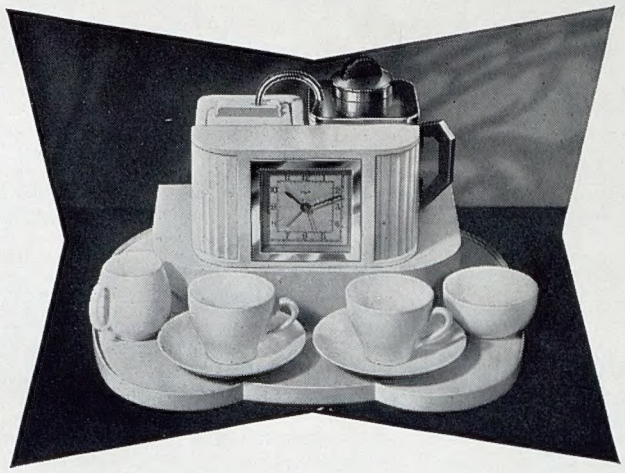

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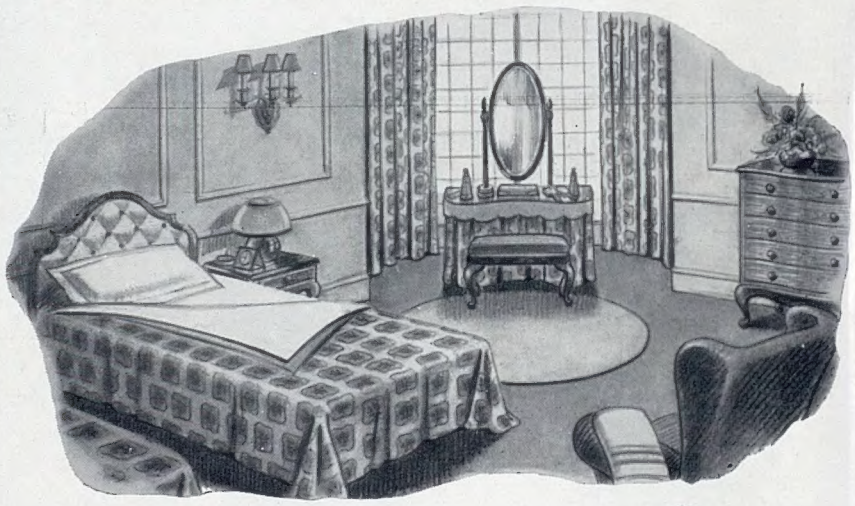

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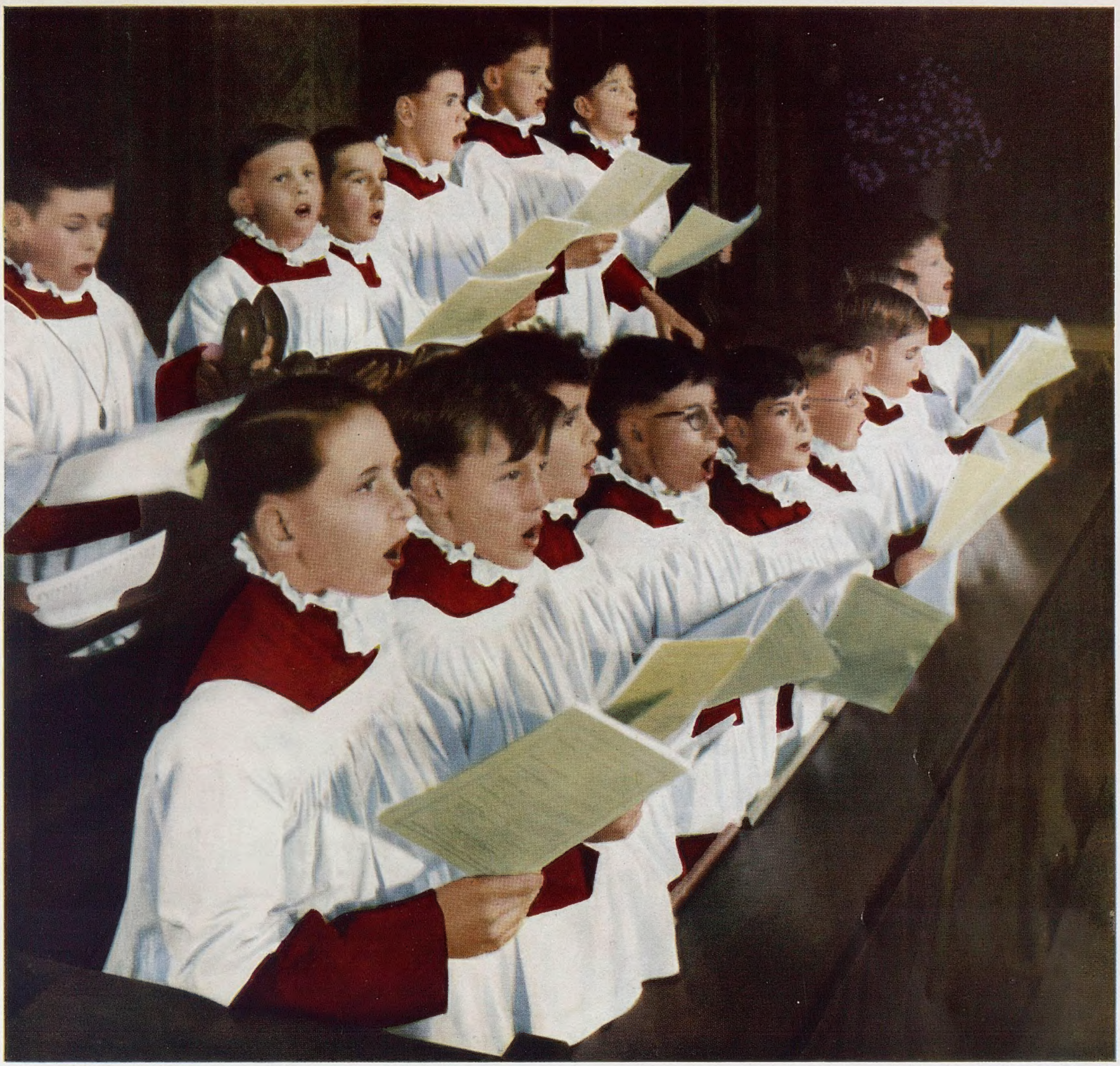

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If there is beauty at Christmas, then it is to be seen in our old Church Carols. Like the bells in the clear frosty night sky they ring out from young voices in Cathedral and Church from every town and village in our land, telling the story of our hopes . . . our hopes for Peace and Prosperity . . . which we of the Standard Motor Company wish all owners and prospective owners of our products in the years to come.

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The Morris Dancers

by

Millar Watt

SONGS of S

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail
When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit! To-who!— a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, ~ ~ ~ ~
~ ~ ~ the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Who is Silvia? What is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

O mistress mine,
where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true
~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

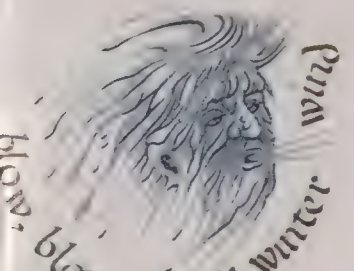
Full fathom five thy father lies:
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade.
But doth suffer a sea-change

DRAWINGS BY PAULINE BAYNES

SHAKESPEARE

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie; — —
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that
hangs on the bough.



Hark! hark! the lark at
— — — — heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at
— — — — those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise! Arise! Arise!

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot in sea and one on shore:
To one thing constant never.

Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring
his knell: Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—
Ding-dong, bell.

LETTERING BY ANGELA BAYNES

HIGH LIFE and LOW LIFE in the 17th Century

A MUSICAL PARTY by ANTHONIE PALAMEDES

Palamedes was the son of a gem-engraver of Delft, where he was born in 1601. A painter of portraits and conversation pieces, he was particularly successful with his groups at meals or at musical entertainments. He also painted figures in the architectural pictures of his friend, Dirk van Deelen. He was admitted into the Guild of St. Luke in 1621 and was later appointed Dean of the Guild. He died in 1673.

Both pictures by courtesy of The Slatter Gallery

AN INTERIOR by QUIERINGH BREKELENKAM

Dutch cottage life was the subject of most of Brekelenkam's pictures. The artist was born at Zwammerdam in 1620. By 1648 he was established in Leyden, and in that year was received into the Guild of St. Luke. He was married twice and had nine children. The above picture is signed in full and dated 1657.

Children in Miniature

as portrayed by the great artists of past centuries

by Graham Reynolds

WHEN they can be induced to sit still enough, children make particularly agreeable subjects for portraiture. They enjoy all the advantages of the bloom of youth, fresh complexions, bright cheeks, glossy hair. The contours of their faces are unspoiled by the wrinkles of experience and the distortions of dissipation, and their expressions appear to have the innocence which is rightly or wrongly ascribed to the young. Paintings and photographs of children therefore have an appeal which may be independent of their merits as works of art. Of all the ways in which a child's likeness can be reproduced, probably the portrait miniature is the most appropriate; for the miniature echoes its subject in its small-scale and heightens the colour and glow of the subject by its very concentration.

With this article is reproduced a selection of outstanding portrait miniatures of children, painted in a period of over two hundred years. All the originals are to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum, which houses the national collection of miniatures; and all but one are by English artists, who maintained this delicate and intimate art at a higher pitch over a longer period than was found possible in any other country.

The painting of portrait miniatures, in effect, originated with Hans Holbein's second visit to England in 1532. Holbein had been trained in the meticulous methods of the Flemish portrait painters and reflected them, when he came to paint these small portraits of human faces, in microscopic vision and finely wrought sureness of hand. Holbein, too, was the first to paint miniatures of children; his portraits of Henry and Charles Brandon, sons of the 1st Duke of Suffolk, are in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

The great, native-born, Elizabethan artist, Nicholas Hilliard, learned miniature painting from the example of Hans Holbein. He in his turn passed on his skill to a number of pupils, of whom Isaac Oliver, who was of French extraction, was the most eminent. The earliest in date of the miniatures reproduced here is the work of Isaac Oliver. It shows a little girl clutching a carnation and the inscription on the blue background of the miniature informs us that she was aged 5 in 1590, when it was painted. This has as a companion piece a portrait of the little girl's sister, aged 4, who is portrayed holding an apple which is almost too big for her. Both these miniatures are framed in two turned ivory rounds

A LITTLE GIRL, AGED 5 IN 1590, HOLDING A CARNATION
by ISAAC OLIVER

The original of this charming miniature is only 1½ inches wide and 2 inches in depth. It is one of a pair now in the collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, the other being a portrait of the child's sister, aged four, who is shown holding an apple. Isaac Oliver was the most eminent pupil of Nicholas Hilliard, who had in turn learned miniature painting from the example of Hans Holbein.

A GIRL, PROBABLY VENETIA STANLEY
by PETER OLIVER

Peter Oliver was the eldest son of Isaac. Both he and his father painted other miniatures of the girl, who is now thought to be Venetia Stanley (1600-1633) *who married Sir Kenelm Digby in* 1625. *She had previously been identified as Arabella Stuart, but the age makes this impossible. The original of the miniature reproduced above, dating from about* 1615, *is* 2 *inches wide by* 2½ *inches deep. It is signed with the artist's monogram and is in a contemporary case of turned ivory.*

which fit together to form a tightly closed box. At this time and for long afterwards, children wore so far as possible clothes of the same shape and style as their parents, with the one exception that boys were literally put into skirts. So this little girl is corseted and wears a farthingale and puffed sleeves, as well as a coif round her elaborately dressed hair.

The next miniature in point of time is by Peter Oliver, son of Isaac Oliver, and it is probable that it represents Venetia Stanley at about the age of fifteen. Venetia Stanley became the wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, the well-known diplomat and author of King Charles I's days; and even well before her marriage she was a famous and even notorious beauty. Contemporary opinion, reported by Aubrey, recorded that "She had a most lovely and sweet-turned face, delicate dark brown hair. Her face a short oval; dark brown eyebrows, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eyelids. The colour of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale."

These two early miniatures are both painted on vellum; the same substance as was used by those who made illuminated manuscripts, from whom the portrait miniaturists learned much of their technique. The craft of the miniature on vellum was continued throughout the seventeenth century at a very high level by Samuel Cooper, John Hoskins and many other talented artists. The next illustration here, however, comes from the first years of the eighteenth century, a somewhat depressed period in the history of our national painting. At this time a new material, ivory, was first used for miniatures, and soon swept the board; for it was exactly the background required to give greater life and brilliancy to the water-colours in which miniatures are painted. The miniature of Lady Jane Codd, by Bernard Lens, is an early example of a miniature painted on ivory. It reflects the somewhat extravagant ideas of the portraiture of the day in the sophisticated gesture of the little girl and the blue "Roman" garment in which she is allegorically draped. This, and the presence of the flowers, suggest that she is being represented as Flora, or the Goddess of Spring. A complete contrast is afforded by the naturalness of the miniature of the ragged boy, which was painted in 1744, about thirty-five years later, by Bernard Lens' son, Peter Paul Lens. This engaging little street arab with dirty face and no clothes below his buttonless jacket has all the vivacity of expression and

(Continued on page 16)

THE FOUR SONS OF J. WOLLEY, ESQ., OF BIRMINGHAM, 1805, *by J. C. D. ENGLEHEART*
Typical of the larger miniatures of the nineteenth century is this portrait group by J. C. D. Engleheart, nephew of the more distinguished George Engleheart. It is reproduced facsimile size.

Children

LADY JANE CODD AS A CHILD, by BERNARD LENS
This early example of a miniature on ivory has been considerably enlarged from the original, which is only 2⅛ inches wide by 3 inches deep. Bernard Lens (1682-1740) *had two sons, Andrew Bernard and Peter Paul, who became well-known miniature painters in the eighteenth century.*

A RAGGED BOY, 1744, *by PETER PAUL LENS*
This delightful portrait, the original of which is only 1¾ inches in diameter, is a complete contrast to the romanticised conception of Lady Jane Codd, painted by the artist's father, Bernard Lens. It was made about the time that William Hogarth was painting the less elegant side of London life.

On left:

A GIRL, SAID TO BE PRINCESS AMELIA, DAUGHTER OF KING GEORGE III, by RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

The original, 2¼ inches wide by 2¾ inches deep, is dated 1802. Princess Amelia was 19 years old in that year. The girl portrayed appears much younger and it is probable therefore that the title is incorrect.

On right:

AN UNKNOWN GIRL, by SAMUEL SHELLEY

The original is 2¼ inches wide and 2¾ inches deep. Shelley, who was born in Whitechapel in 1750 and died in 1808, was an admirer of Reynolds, whose influence may be noted in many of his portrait miniatures.

in Miniature

On right:

THE DUKE OF REICHSTADT, by JEAN-BAPTISTE ISABEY

This reproduction is actually a reduction of the original, which is 8 inches wide by 10¼ inches deep. Isabey was born at Nancy in 1767 and studied under Dumont and David. As the leading miniaturist of the Napoleonic régime he was commissioned to paint the Duke of Reichstadt, son of Napoleon and his second wife, Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. Francis Joseph Charles Napoleon was born in 1811 and created King of Rome. In 1814, Napoleon abdicated in his favour but the Empress Marie Louise took the boy to Vienna and made no effort to establish his rights. In 1818, the Emperor of Austria made him Duke of Reichstadt. He died in 1832 not long after reaching his majority.

COLONEL MARSTON WHEN A BOY, by HORACE HONE A.R.A.

The original, painted in 1785, *is* $1\frac{5}{8}$ *inches wide by* 2 *inches deep. Horace Hone was born in* 1756 *and exhibited at the Royal Academy from* 1772. *In* 1779, *he was elected an Associate and, in* 1795, *was appointed miniature painter to the Prince of Wales.*

CHILDREN IN MINIATURE

(*Continued from page* 13)

quickness of humour which mark out the urchins of all ages. This little portrait, with its humanity and interest in lower levels of society than those which could afford to pay for portrait painters, belongs to the same years as those in which William Hogarth was painting the seamy squalid side of life as then lived in palace and in slum.

The later eighteenth century, as reflected in its portraiture, however, was an age of wealth and elegance. It witnessed the second blossoming of English miniature painting; and amongst an almost unbelievably large number of excellent craftsmen, Richard Cosway, R.A., and John Smart, stand out by their great ability. Cosway's style is flowing, almost careless; he draws with the lightest of greys and most delicate of colours upon the ivory, leaving the polished white background to shine through the pigment and give the maximum of brilliance to the finished work. The miniature of a girl called Princess Amelia reproduced here belongs to the last phase of his style when he had almost given up his blue sky backgrounds and brilliant pink cheeks in favour of more restrained colouring. It is improbable, however, that the sitter is really George III's daughter, for the miniature is dated 1802, when Princess Amelia was 19 years old, and the subject of this portrait is evidently much younger.

Smart's style is the antithesis of Cosway's; laboured and meticulous in contrast to the other's negligent ease, he fuses his brush strokes together and produces a brightly coloured effect like an enamel. When his sitters are children their cheeks seem to glow like polished apples. Usually he makes a great point of having his sitters dressed in gaily coloured jackets and dresses: but in the portrait of Dorothy Capper, painted in 1778, her rosy cheeks are sufficiently set off by a white dress, and the only other touch of colour comes from the flowers in her hair. This miniature is sewn on to a band, and is so shaped that it can be worn on the wrist like a bracelet; a fashion which was introduced in about the middle of the eighteenth century.

Costume in the late eighteenth century was in one of its most graceful and colourful epochs, and adds to the appeal of miniatures which are in any case excellent in craftsmanship. Thus the portrait of a girl by Samuel Shelley is enhanced by the straw bonnet adorned with a lilac ribbon which she is wearing. Such bonnets were in fashion in the last five or ten years of the century—Lawrence's well-known "Pinkie," a masterpiece of child portraiture in oil paint, also wears one. In his life-time Shelley was regarded as the miniaturist next in ability after Cosway, and although posterity has not quite confirmed that estimate it accords him a high place in the second rank of miniature painters. If he had a fault it was in investing all his sitters with a somewhat greenish complexion and with large eyes, which were then regarded as an especial mark of beauty.

Horace Hone, the author of the miniature of Colonel Marston as a boy in 1785, is one of scores of equally able minor artists of their time. He was of Irish extraction and had a curious habit of praising his own work as though it were someone else's. "A pretty head," he would say, picking up one of his miniatures, "slight but clever," or again, "That's a fine miniature; I expect it will be called for or I would send it to the Exhibition." The young Marston is shown in a brown "Van Dyck" suit with a falling collar; this imitation of mid-seventeenth-century costume was popular in eighteenth-century portraits, especially of children, and it will be remembered that Gainsborough's famous "Blue Boy" wears this fancy dress attire.

Up till the end of the eighteenth century portrait miniatures were generally oval in shape, and of a convenient size to be worn if desired as jewellery about the person. But in the nineteenth century miniatures come more and more to assume a rectangular form; they grew larger and more ambitious in composition and were designed rather to stand on a table or hang on a wall like a small picture rather than for personal adornment. J. C. D. Engleheart's portrait group of the four sons of J. Wolley of Birmingham, painted about 1805, is a case in point. The children are shown more than half length and as having their music lesson. One brother is playing the violin, and the title on the music which the boy at the piano has open in front of him is that of a Concerto by Handel. The painter of this miniature was the talented nephew of a yet more distinguished miniaturist, George Engleheart, who in the course of thirty nine years painted no less than 4,853 miniatures! Yet he was only a degree more prolific than many of his contemporaries.

DOROTHY, DAUGHTER OF COLONEL CAPPER OF BUNGAY, SUFFOLK, by JOHN SMART

The original, painted in 1778, *is only* $1\frac{1}{4}$ *inches wide by* $1\frac{3}{8}$ *inches deep. It is sewn on to a black silk band so that it could be worn on the wrist like a bracelet in the fashion of the mid-eighteenth century.*

Finally, we come to a miniature which is the only one of this group to have been painted by a foreign artist and which is in addition of considerable historical interest. The miniature is by Isabey, the leading miniaturist of the Napoleonic régime in France; and the subject is the Duke of Reichstadt, otherwise known as the King of Rome, the son of Napoleon and Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. This is the son on whom Napoleon set all his hopes of succession, but probably already at the time this miniature was painted those hopes had perished through the downfall of the Empire. The young Duke of Reichstadt died at the age of twenty-one, having been for almost his entire life a pawn in European politics. He took a great interest in military affairs; already in this boyish portrait he is gaily dressed in military costume, but besides the sword he has a plaything in his hands: a kind of ancestor of the diabolo and yo-yo in the form of a cup and ball.

Less than thirty years after these latest miniatures were painted, the discovery of photography led to a cheaper, mechanical means of multiplying likenesses. Its greater facility destroyed the economic basis of the miniaturists' art, which began to wilt for lack of support almost exactly in the middle of the century. The room at the Royal Academy, which had once been crowded with these pictures in little became denuded of them. Only a few artists were left to compete for the shrunken patronage to which formerly scores of miniaturists had not appealed in vain. Among the profound or attractive portraits left to us from its three centuries of vigour, these miniatures of children are not the least charming.

"As brave a little squadron as ever left English shores sailed from Spithead and St. Helens in September, 1740, under the command of Captain George Anson."

THE LONG QUEST FOR THE SPANISH GALLEON

How Captain George Anson Captured the Spanish Treasure Ship off the Cape

Illustrations by Montague Dawson

AS brave a little squadron as ever left English shores sailed from Spithead and St. Helens in September, 1740, under the command of Captain George Anson. Its mission : to cross the Atlantic, round the perilous Horn, harry the Spaniards in the Pacific, ravage the coast of Peru, and capture the Acapulco galleon carrying annual tribute from Mexico to Spain.

It comprised the commodore's *Centurion*, 60 guns ; the *Gloucester* and *Severn*, 50 guns each ; the *Pearl*, 40 ; the *Wager*, 28 ; the bantam sloop *Tryal*, with a modest 8 ; and two victualling vessels for the first part of the voyage. Stout hearts of British oak they were, with pennons flying over their bulldog hulls, manned by men toughened by hardships the modern sailor never knows.

And they needed to be, rounding the death-trap Horn in snarling, snapping storms that called for every ounce of seamanship. The *Centurion* rolled so violently that the men were in constant danger of being dashed to death against the decks or sides. Some were killed, others washed overboard or injured. The oldest among them said they had never known such ferocity. Sails were torn from the yards. Snow and sleet froze them and the rigging, making them and the cordage so brittle that they snapped. The cold numbed the sailors, disabled them with frostbite. The mainsail split to rags. Within twenty-four hours another hurricane compelled the *Centurion* to lay-to under bare poles.

[*Continued on following page*

"The Centurion *rolled so violently that the men were in constant danger of being dashed to death against the decks or sides."*

" For the first half-hour Anson over-reached the galleon and lay on her bow, where, by the great width of

THE LONG QUEST FOR THE GALLEON

Continued from page 17]

The *Gloucester's* main-yard broke in the slings ; the *Tryal*, with faulty pumps, made a good deal of water ; the *Wager* lost mizzen-mast and main top-sail yard and lagged to leeward. The *Severn* and *Pearl* lost touch in the dark and vanished, until Anson had but two shattered, half-manned cruisers and the sloop, and those, he said, " so far disabled that in many climates they scarcely durst have put to sea." When morning came, with the menacing headlands only two miles away, there was danger of running ashore. Had the wind blown from its usual quarter, had not the moon suddenly shone out, not a ship could have been saved. And scurvied men, under the ordeal, were falling sick and dying.

Anson had to put the torn remnants of his squadron into Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez, for repairs and fresh supplies. Only *Centurion*, *Gloucester* and the little *Tryal* remained. Of 961 men who so proudly set sail down the Channel 335 survived. And these sailed gaily up the Peruvian coast to sack the port of Paita !

A Drake touch about that night raid, carried out by only 58 men in an 18-oared barge and two pinnaces, under Lieutenant Brett, with two captured Spanish guides, from ships hove-to about five leagues off. As the boats made the bay in the dark they were seen by natives aboard a vessel, who at once put off in a boat to warn the fort, shouting " The English dogs ! " and alarming the

his ports, he could traverse almost all his guns on her, while she could bring only a part of hers to bear."

town, where lights began bobbing about. Landing under gunfire from the fort and thrusting into the narrow streets, the small force yelled so bloodthirstily and made such a tattoo with their drums that the defenders thought it was an army and panicked. The Governor fled half-naked, leaving his young wife to be carried off in her shift by two sentinels just as Brett's men arrived to occupy the house. The fort was evacuated without a fight, the town pillaged, and £30,000 in silver coins found in its treasury.

The closing scenes that night were more like a charade than an invasion, for the battle-grimed sailors donned the Spaniards' richly-laced and embroidered clothes, hats and wigs found in the houses—even the women's gowns and finery where they could not find men's—and when one motley crew approached Lieutenant Brett they looked so grotesque that he didn't recognise them as his own people. Before re-embarking, the force fired the place, sparing only the churches.

Several prizes were taken off the coast, including a rich merchantman with nearly £12,000 in double doubloons and dollars hidden in jars of cotton. One, the *Teresa*, yielded also some lovely Spanish ladies, who found that the "English dogs" could be more chivalrous to their sex than the notorious buccaneers who then infested the seas, especially around the Caribbean.

But the main objective was still the Acapulco galleon, and the search for her took Anson's ships

[*Continued on following page*

"It was a sad vigil for Anson, watching her burn through a whole night, with her guns firing as the flames reached them, then blow up."

"Then she hauled up her fore-sail and brought-to under top-sails, hoisting Spanish colours."

THE LONG QUEST FOR THE GALLEON

Continued from page 19]

north to the Panama and Mexico coast in the hope of interception. Had she sailed, or was she in Acapulco completing preparations? To settle the point he sent ashore, one February night, a barge with two officers and crew, a Spanish pilot and Indian prisoner guide. They had to land on a lonely part of the coast, reconnoitre, and bring back definite news. Actually, they eventually made the harbour's mouth without knowing that they were so near, saw a light on the water, located a fishing canoe with three negroes aboard, took them to the barge, and ascertained that the galleon had arrived in January with cargo and would sail again on March 14.

Joyfully Anson made his dispositions to intercept, cruising fifteen leagues off the port with his ships and prizes in an arc three leagues apart to ensure that the galleon would not slip through by day without being observed, while two cutters were sent inshore to watch the harbour's mouth at night, withdrawing four or five leagues out of sight during daylight.

But March 14 came and went, with no sight of her, and high hope gave place to despondency. She never did sail, for the simple reason—as Anson discovered later—that the barge sent in to reconnoitre had been observed and the voyage postponed to the following year. For months he waited, patrolling the coast. Captain Ahab's quest for the white whale, Moby Dick, was no more persistent than Anson's for that treasure galleon, which had now become a ghost ship, haunting his imagination but never his eager vision.

Then he landed at Chequetan to transfer the cargoes of his three prize ships to the squadron, scuttle them, and reinforce with their crews his own depleted ships' companies. It looked as if he had at last given up all hope, for he planned to sail to China and considered that the prizes could not ride the severe weather he expected to encounter.

A year-and-a-half had gone by since he left England; it was May, 1742, when he left the Mexican coast for the Ladrones or Marian Islands and Tinian, and on the voyage disaster overtook the *Gloucester*, which lost her main-mast and sailed so heavily that the squadron seldom had more than top-sails set and frequently had to lie-to for her. She suffered further damage in gales and at last had to be fired and abandoned. It was a sad

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Mathys Schoevaerds, who painted "The Maypole," was born in 1665, and was still working in Brussels in 1720. This charming scene, with its wealth of detail of village life, is reproduced by permission of the Slatter Gallery, as is the picture below by Pieter Bruegel, the Younger.

"THE MAYPOLE"

Pieter Bruegel, the Younger, who painted "Peasants Dancing," lived from 1564 to 1638 and worked in Antwerp. He was a son of the more famous Pieter Bruegel, the Elder, and a brother of Jan (Velvet) Bruegel, best known for his beautiful flower paintings.

"PEASANTS DANCING"

The Pantomime

by W. Macqueen

Decorations by

PANTOMIME is, of course, a topsy-turvy art. It has to be. Everything must be upside-down, the principal male character must be a woman and the chief female character a man. Otherwise it is not pantomime.

All the same, pantomime to-day has gone a bit too far in the matter of topsy-turvydom. It is in danger of overdoing it. For instance, this is a mechanised age. So for that reason, apparently, pantomime has thrown over all the marvellous stage tricks and illusions which used to astound the panto-goers, old and young alike. Pantomime is now a slick, streamlined, up-to-date affair on the lines of revue, full of up-to-date gags about politics and such-like things, which give the children such real amusement. Pantomime has to be topical, but topicality should not give the knock-out to the fact that a Pantomime is a Fairy Tale. To-day, however, the Fairies in Pantomime have a thin time. They hardly get a look in at all, and with the increasing restrictions on stage appearances of children, may well be a thing of the complete past, ere long. But in the best regulated pantomimes, the Fairy Queen still holds on, grimly and on sufferance. The same cannot be said of the Demon King. He is seldom allowed to delight us. He is worse off than his perpetual thwarter.

Time was when no self-respecting pantomime ever opened without the clash between the Powers of Good and Evil. The scene was always one of mystery and threat—the nether regions, or a ruined belfry for preference, a haunted wood, or something weird and calculated to make the flesh creep and the youngsters clutch hold of their escort's hand in horrified but happy anticipation. That scene also fulfilled the essential dramatic law of contrast, then the scene which followed was always a blaze of light and colour. Most little boys had a hankering to be a Demon King themselves—he was always more popular than the Clown. What joy to come up trap-doors in bursts of red fire, to have eyelids which gleamed like live coals and the ability to produce flashes of fire from finger-tips. The small boys of my time called that scrumptious. Let the girls have the Fairies and their Queens, they were all for the Demons.

That opening scene of pantomime was the true herald of wonders to come. Go back to 1902, at Drury Lane, traditional home of Pantomime. The subject was *Mother Goose*. The lights dimmed down in the vast auditorium, the great red curtain swished up, drums rolled and demoniac music rumbled from the orchestra. There was the ruined belfry and evil was toward, in a wholesale way. Fearsome-looking storks strode about flapping their wings, gigantic owls hooted in a manner which boded no good to anyone, other fearsome nightbirds fluttered and pranced around enormous pillars and up a tremendous stairway. There were scores and scores of them. They proclaimed themselves (to the music of J. M. Glover, labelled in the

That Was

Pope

J. S. Goodall

programme " Original ") as " Birds of Ill Omen." There was little doubt of that. And then, up from the depths in all the splendour of fire and smoke of truly plutonic colour, came " Demon Ravages." The " nasties " all around paid him deference, and he left no doubt as to what he was up to. He proclaimed :

The sleeping world is breathing
moans and sighs,
'Tis well, I would not have it
otherwise,
But still, to-night I feel in
gen'rous mood,
I 'll send some gifts and ask
no gratitude.
Go, famine bird, and with you
Hunger bear ;
Go, pestilence, and taint the
very air ;
Go, bird of war, make nations
kill and slay ;
And ruin, follow all—Away !
Away !
A Merry Christmas to you all
below,
A glad New Year to you.
HO ! HO ! HO ! HO !

Written by that master of pantomime scripts, J. Hickory Wood, that was calculated to arrest the attention of every child of every age in the house. But, of course, the Demon did not have it all his own way. No, indeed. The dim blue light got brighter. Dawn began to break—as dawns can break only at Drury Lane—to the intense discomfort of the nightbirds and the Demon, and masses (roughly about 100) of robins, larks, thrushes and nice, kind birds, came hopping on to the stage. They proclaimed the sunrise, and with the sun came Fairy Heartsease and the clash between right and wrong was on—until the curtain fell. Contrast that with the opening of the pantomimes you have seen in the last few years. Give me the Demon every time. I have seen some Demons recently, but they have always let me down. None of them use underground transport—I suppose they leave that to the mortals nowadays. None of them were in the incendiary business, even as a sideline, and one of them was such a craven that half-way through the show he curried favour with the Fairy Queen by joining in a duet with her.

And what do you think they sang ? " Oh, That We Two Were Maying." It was not intended to be funny, either. That was too topsy-turvy for me.

And beside the Demon King, his retinue had claim to greatness—they were all pretty good horrors, even if they did not do very well at their chosen trade and always got beaten in the end. They were often awe-inspiring monsters and sometimes they were very marvellous. The great George Conquest, founder of the great stage family and of the old Grecian Theatre—which sprang from that eagle where people went in and out ceaselessly, and where weasels were continually popping in unexplained manner—did most marvellous pantomimes. The tradition went on at the Surrey Theatre, too. George Conquest, a splendid actor, liked portraying animals and monsters, and did it

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CHRISTMAS IN CUMBERLAND

This seasonal picture of a Cumberland fell farm shows Smeathwaite Farm, Thirlmere, with snow-capped Skiddaw in the background.

BRINGING IN THE CHRISTMAS TREES

Another scene at Thirlmere shows trees from the Manchester Corporation Forestry Estate being loaded on to a lorry which will take them to market. In the background is Helvellyn.

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A VIEW OF SOMERSET HOUSE WITH ST. MARY'S CHURCH IN THE STRAND

The entrance to the first Somerset House, Palace of the Lord Protector Somerset, is on the right in this picture, which was drawn and engraved by Thomas Bowles in 1750. The building, erected in 1546, was demolished in the 1770's and the present Somerset House begun in 1776. The engraving, which is on copper and hand coloured, shows many details characteristic of life in the 18th century. Two sedan chairs stand beside the small building in front of the church of St. Mary-le-Strand ; there is a coal cart and a coach; and outside nearly every shop its sign may be distinguished. The engravings on this and the following three pages are reproduced by permission of The Parker Gallery, 2, Albemarle Street, W.1.

OLD LONDON

Forgotten views from the 18th and 19th century

REGENT STREET LOOKING TOWARDS THE DUKE OF YORK'S COLUMN

This colour lithograph of Piccadilly Circus (then known as Regent Circus) was made by Thomas Shotter Boys in 1842. On the right is the comparatively small shop of Swan & Edgars, which stands on the site of the present building. Next to it (also on the site of the present Swan & Edgars) S. Nock carried on his trade as gunmaker. On the South-East corner of the circus, to the left of the picture, is the shop of Thomas Ponsonby, described as " carver and gilder to Her Majesty." In the centre is a brewer's dray, beside it the coach of a personage of importance, bearing its owner's crest on the door. Right centre is a busker of the period, a one-man band.

SCOTLAND YARD

with part of the Banqueting Hall

Scotland Yard was one of the courtyards of the Tudor Palace of Whitehall, and was so named, according to one source, because Kings of Scotland and their ambassadors were occasionally lodged there. In 1619-1622, the Banqueting Hall was designed and built by Inigo Jones as part of James the First's scheme for a much enlarged Royal Palace. This is the large building in the left background of the picture. It stands to-day, housing the Royal United Service Institution.

It was from the Banqueting Hall that Charles I went to his execution. In the right background may be seen the clock of the Horse Guards, which then contained the offices of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. This clock, erected in 1751-3, was unrivalled in the 18th century for its accuracy and was referred to as Greenwich is to-day.

Whitehall Palace, with the exception of the Royal United Service Institution building, was burnt down in 1697. Some time after Paul Sandby made the original drawing for this engraving, the yard was demolished and the area covered by this picture is now the site of Horse Guards Avenue. New Scotland Yard was built in 1890; its situation on the Embankment would be off this picture to the left. To the right, beyond the figure sitting on the bench and the coach, is now the War Office building.

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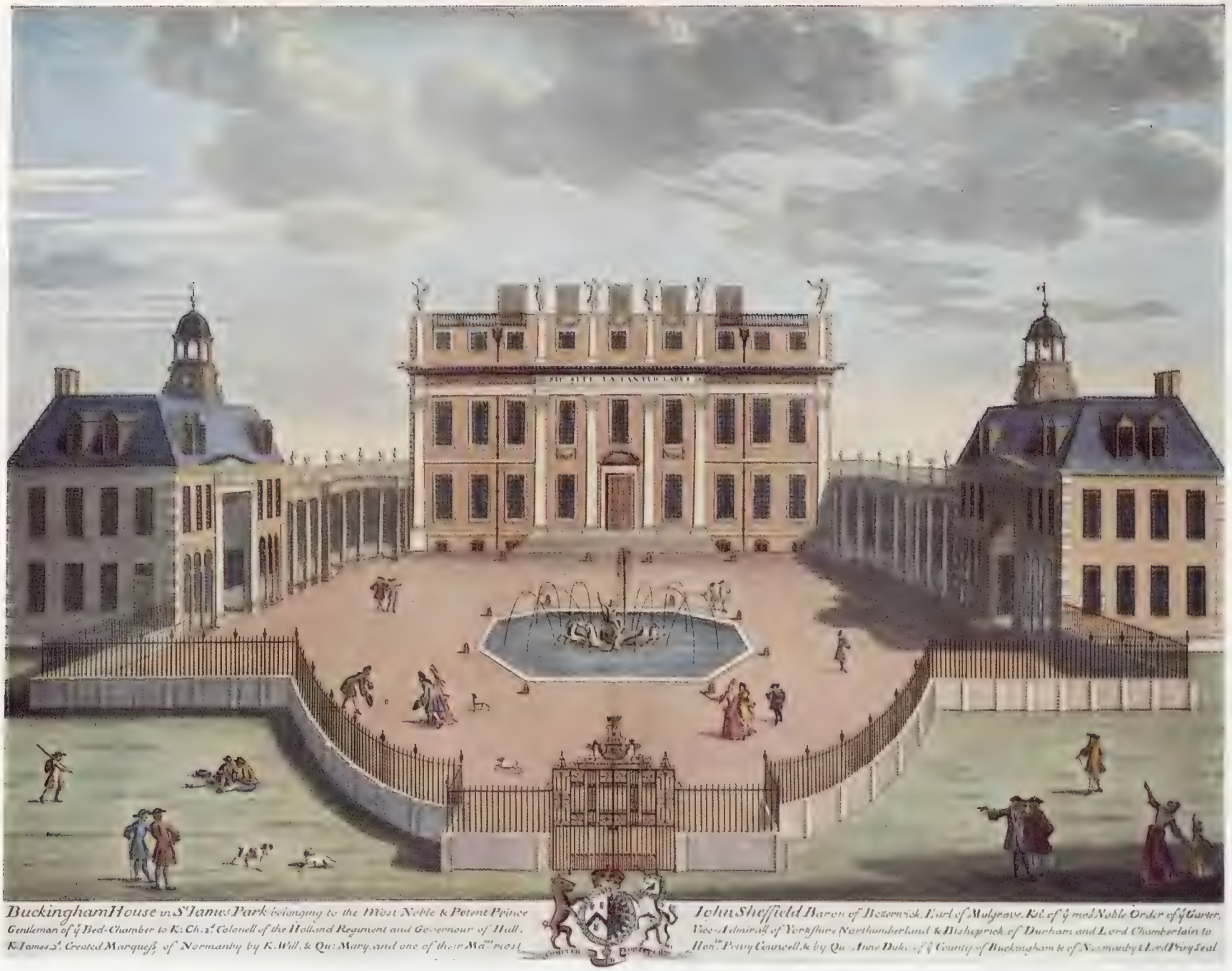
An engraving by Edward Rooker after the picture by Paul Sandby—it was first published in December, 1766



BUCKINGHAM HOUSE in St. James's Park

The above engraving of the original Buckingham House was made about 1710, some seven years after the house was built. The view below was drawn and engraved by Rigaud in 1736 and shows the view from an upper window looking down the avenue, which is now the Mall. In the casual spelling of the time it is titled "Prospect of St. James Park from Bukingam House." The house was built in 1703 on the site of a fashionable place of public entertainment, the "Mulberry Gardens." It was bought in 1761 for £28,000 by George III, who settled it on his Queen Charlotte; and it was then renamed Queen's House. In 1825, the building was demolished and the present Buckingham Palace, costing nearly £1,000,000, was erected and occupied by Queen Victoria in 1837. The lettering on the front of the building, *Sic Siti Lætantur Lares* (the household gods delight in such a situation), is matched at the back of the house with *Rus in Urbe*. The "round basin of water, lined with freestone, with the figure of Neptune and the Tritons in a water work" appears in each picture. In the view below, in the background to the right of the Mall, may be seen the dome of St. Paul's. The water on the right was a canal and has now been made into the lake. At the far end may just be seen the building of the Horse Guards. In the wood on the right was a pond, known as Rosamond's Pond, which was filled in in 1770 because of the numbers of lovers who drowned themselves in it. It was romantically described as being "long consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry."

Lost London

Some memories of a London which still had a link with the countryside

THE RED HOUSE AT BATTERSEA

It made a pleasant little outing in the last century to row across the river from Chelsea and take a turn on the South Bank. The oddly shaped tree was a feature of the pleasure garden, being carefully trimmed like a roof to give the maximum of shade and cover.

COUNTRY COTTAGES IN CHELSEA

These vanished homes, with their little strips of garden, stood near the old Chelsea Bun House. Similar cottages are still to be found in present-day Chelsea and help to give the district its especial character.

A WAY OUT OF OLD BROMPTON IN THE 19TH CENTURY

In the early part of the last century, travellers to or from the West via Brompton could pause for food at this attractive little inn. Later there were market gardens in this area, supplying outlying London. No trace of the countryside remains today.

On left: THE MASTER'S HOUSE IN THE TEMPLE

It was built in 1667, and added to in 1765 when some fine 18th century panelling was incorporated. The house faced Tanfield Court, named after Sir Lawrence Tanfield, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, who lived there in 1607.

Above: THE "ROYAL HOSPITAL"

This attractive old inn stood near the hospital, at the corner of Franklin's Row. It was popular, like other pubs of the district, as a port of call for the scarlet-coated Chelsea Pensioners.

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A JUDGEMENT

A problem picture by Richard Eurich, A.R.A., from this year's Royal Academy

Mr. Richard Eurich's minutely painted *A Judgement* caused much comment at this year's Summer Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. The artist's own description of the picture is as follows : " A judgment—of musical instruments. St. Cecilia, a carved and painted figure over the organ case, presides over the judgment, watched by choristers in the gallery on the left, the trumpets sounding round them. Violins soar up to the gallery on the right. Judgment is suspended in the centre on the serpent, hurdy-gurdy and other instruments, while various stringed instruments await judgment. Below, the harpsichord and clavichord demand a hearing amid the percussion, while sheets of music drift through space."

A CORNER OF UIG BAY WITH THE FARM OF ARDROIL IN THE DISTANCE AND SUAINABHAL IN THE BACKGROUND: Uig is the most beautiful part of the Island of Lewis, though as treeless as the rest of the Hebrides. So remote was it considered a century ago that the proposal to construct a road to it from Stornoway, roughly 30 miles away, was met by the objection that such an enterprise would necessitate the labour of "many ages." To-day many of its mountain fastnesses and of its bays of sheen-white sand are reached daily—Sundays excepted—by its local buses, by tradesmen's cars, and by the little red van in which his Majesty's Post Office delivers and collects mails in these outlandish parts.

A TYPICAL HEBRIDEAN TURF HOUSE, SITUATED BY THE MOORLAND WAYSIDE AT BLASHVAL, IN NORTH UIST: Housing conditions have improved greatly in the Isles during the last three decades. Only in remote parts is the old "black house" now found.

The Land of the Lone Shieling

AT CARNISH, IN WESTERN LEWIS: This township, situated among rocky pastures in a corner of Uig Bay, overlooks some of the loveliest scenery in the Outer Hebrides. The open Atlantic surges but a hundred yards to the west; while to the east stretch sands as white as chalk. The old "black houses" of former years have gone from Carnish. To-day, its inhabitants dwell in those newer homes which, assisted by grants from various Government departments, they have built largely with their own hands. The Department of Agriculture for Scotland has been generous in the financial assistance it has given in this connection.

A typical summer shieling in Uig, Western Lewis. The youth seen on the roof of the hut is adjusting the divots (turfs) of which the chimney is built to allow for a change in the direction of the wind. This remote region is still the Land of the Lone Shieling.

Land of the Lone Shieling

by

Alasdair Alpin MacGregor

From the lone shieling and the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

ALTHOUGH the authorship of "The Canadian Boat Song" has been in dispute ever since it first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* as long ago as 1829, there is no doubt that, through these familiar lines from it, the word "shieling" has acquired its popularity and its picturesque and romantic associations. Yet few who use it know precisely what it signifies. These lines, believed to be a translation from the Gaelic, have been much quoted during the last three-quarters of a century, especially at times of emigration from the Scottish Highlands and islands. During 1923 and 1924, they were persistently in the minds of the Scottish people when, in order to bear so many of the natives away to exile across the seas, Canadian Pacific liners dropped anchor off the Outer Hebrides.

Emigration had been no new thing in Celtic Scotland. The latter half of the nineteenth century had witnessed more than one major exodus; and it was estimated that, during the economic depression of the early 1920's, as many as 2,000 souls left the island of Lewis alone. Under such stress, people have gone from the Isles to settle in the remotest corners of the earth. This explains many a place-name in distant parts, and also how many a Hebridean family has been long established in the Dominions and colonies, speaking the Gaelic language as fluently to-day as did its emigrant ancestors when quitting their native shores for pastures new. They share with other exiled Celts that yearning for a whiff of peat-reek (surely the most nostalgic smell in all the world) and for a glimpse of the shieling of bygone years.

Correctly speaking, the shieling is the moorland or hill pasture to which the islanders—usually the women—drive their cattle at the onset of summer, and where they remain with them until the autumn, dwelling in temporary and often primitive huts built of stone and turf, and resembling those used by shepherds on vast expanses of moorland, or by lobster fishermen frequenting uninhabited islets in pursuit of their calling. It was from such shelters, used by fishermen in olden times at the mouth of the Northumbrian Tyne, that the towns of North Shields and South Shields received their names.

Glen Veltos is one of the many natural curiosities of this land which is full of surprises. Geologists say that it owes its sunken aspect to glaciation in primeval times.

The limitation of good pasturage in the Hebrides necessitated the retention of the shieling for centuries. Indeed, in most of them, the *airidh*, or shieling, was to be found until comparatively recently. Not so long ago one read in the newspapers of an octogenarian lady belonging to Ness, in northern Lewis, who went down the precipitous cliffs in the neighbourhood to rescue a stranded sheep. She and her family at the time were spending the summer at the shieling there.

The annual procession to the shieling from the remoter townships of Lewis has gone on continuously for unnumbered generations. Fifty or sixty years ago the womenfolk from almost every family in the island went to the shieling, as the saying is, taking with them the churn, the spinning-wheel, cooking utensils, and perhaps some of the smaller children. For eight or ten weeks they remained there, tending their cattle, dairying, spinning wool from their own sheep, and sometimes making a length or two of tweed. The duration of their stay, then as to-day, was determined largely by weather conditions. Nothing can be more blighting than a wet shieling-time: nothing can be more idyllic than a dry one. A saving of labour was sometimes effected when two families shared the same shieling. It was just as easy to restrain two families' cows from straying among the hills and moors as to restrain one family's.

But the most important point about this ancient institution was that it removed the livestock from the township's unfenced crops, thus allowing the home pastures some respite before the coming of the Hebridean winter.

One of the most picturesque incidents associated with shieling-time is that to be witnessed in connection with Bernera, a large and barren island tucked away in wild Loch Roag, in western Lewis. The Bernera shielings are situated, as one might expect, on

the mainland of the parent isle. This obliges the crofters to swim their cattle over the narrow strait twice a year—from Bernera to the Uig moors in the early summer, and home again in the autumn. I myself have witnessed this annual exodus to the summer shielings scattered about the vast moorland upon which the Bernera people has had grazing rights for a very long time. In fact, the swimming cattle, on their way to and from these shielings, have been taken across these narrows at slack water for centuries. This method of transport need not necessarily be hazardous. If carried out on a calm day, it is simple enough. Cows are good swimmers; and many of those belonging to the Bernera crofters have swum the sound so often that they appear to think nothing of it, and will often take to the water of their own accord, encouraged on their return home by the womenfolk standing by the tide's edge on Bernera itself, calling their own particular beasts by name.

At Crolà, by the shores of Loch Resort. In the foreground lies a typical Hebridean "black house," the home of a crofter and his family. Note the corn growing on the "lazy-beds"—those meagre strips of cultivable ground often built up with great labour on a rocky foundation. The corn is green as late as October in these rainy and sunless parts.

The islanders contend, however, that the undertaking is not without its dangers. A recalcitrant beast may swim off in the wrong direction just at a time when the entire crossing should be accomplished before the inrush of the returning tide. The islanders say, too, that this swimming is bad for the cattle. Yet it is well known how cattle will congregate of their own volition, and wait for the moment at which they can swim comfortably over to an islet, the herbage on which is often not a whit better than that on the isle they are leaving. At the turn of the next tide, they will swim home again.

Bernera's petition for a bridge spanning the narrow stretch of sea between it and the Lewis mainland is a fairly good one, though the writer has expressed elsewhere his misgivings about the considerable public expenditure in which the Hebrides, and indeed, the Highlands generally, are involving the taxpayer, with very little to show for it, except further and still further demands for public grants and subsidies without any corresponding responsibility on the part of those making such demands.

The peat resources of Bernera, an island the surface of which is composed so largely of outcropping gneiss, are nearly exhausted. Disputes between the island's townships over its few remaining peatmosses are frequent and bitter. Some of these have had to be settled by the Land Court. For several years now the Bernera crofters have been cutting peats on the Lewis mainland adjacent to them, and ferrying them over the narrows to their respective homes.

One might mention, while on this pastoral topic, that this locality has grim associations with the Highland and island agrarian troubles of the nineteenth century. It was on the hillside at Earshader, close to the site for the proposed Bernera bridge, that the angry crofters defied Donald Munro, the Baron Baillie of Lewis, as he was termed. Donald threatened to bring a detachment of the Volunteers from Stornoway, 36 miles away, in order to drive the rebellious islanders into the sea! This was one of the earliest revolts against the alleged tyrannical conduct of the factors. It did much to precipitate the state of affairs which led to the passing of the Crofters' Act in 1886.

There survives in the Land of the Lone Shieling many an ancient usage connected with its primitive husbandry. Where parts of the croft are too tiny, too arduous, too steep, or too isolated for even a small horse-drawn plough, the ground is worked quite effectively by the old *cas-chrom*, or "bent-foot," plough. This implement, which might be described as a cross

[*Concluded on page* 44

Port of Uig Bay and of the mountains of Uig, as seen from Carnish. Lewis is not mountainous in the accepted sense—certainly not in the sense that Harris, its neighbour, is. Apart from two or three modest hills in the northern part of the Island, it is monotonously flat. In the Uig region one finds these lovely mountains, which, though of no great height, are a distinctive feature.

THE GONDOLA OF LONDON: Thus Disraeli described the Hansom cab. In 1876, when this picture was taken, there were more than 4,000 plying for hire. Not all drivers were as fortunate as this one, whose regular fare, a bricklayer, had inherited £1,300, engaged the cab day after day as long as the money lasted, and enabled the driver to buy his own cab and two horses! This and other pictures on this page were first reproduced in January 1877, when J. Thomson and Adolphe Smith began to publish a series of articles on Street Life in London, *written by them and illustrated with their own photographs, which were made by the wet collodion process.*

London Life in the 'Seventies

C'EST MAGNIFIQUE MAIS CE N'EST PAS DAGUERRE: Clapham Common in the '70's had its itinerant photographers, although neither so numerous nor so persistent as their descendants, who haunt the streets of London to-day. The usual charge was 1s. for a portrait.

A TRICYCLE MADE FOR TWO: This picture was taken in 1884, eight years later than the others on this page. James Starley, of Coventry, and J. K. Starley were chiefly responsible for the introduction of the tricycle and J. K. Starley also made the first safety bicycle. Pneumatic tyres came later.

RECRUITING SERGEANTS AT WESTMINSTER: Waiting outside a well-known public house, the Mitre and Dove, they tried by various means to induce volunteers to accept the Queen's shilling. The sergeants received one guinea for each man enlisted, but not infrequently lost recruit and shilling. This picture and the others on this page are from the Gernsheim collection of Victorian photographs.

THE OLD CLOTHES SHOP AT SEVEN DIALS: It probably stood in Dudley Street, where the shops were devoted chiefly to the sale of old clothes and second-hand boots and shoes. The district was a very poor one. In Charles Knight's London *it is recorded that "Cellars serving whole families for kitchen and parlour and bed-room and all are to be found in other streets of London but not so numerous and near to each other."*

"She sank exhausted into the single chair and the two men established themselves upon the bed."

The Story of the Little Black Woman as told by Mr Chad

The story which we print here was found in manuscript in an old deed box, among letters dating back to the beginning of the last century. Its origin is unknown, but the faded screed was obviously written many years ago. It is not known whether the dramatic and horrifying events described are pure invention, or if they are based upon fact or upon legend. It is printed literally as it was written. It may be that the story was copied from a magazine as an exercise in handwriting. Should any of our readers know of its origin, we should be very interested to hear from them.

IT happened in the Summer of 1811, that I was returning one night from the Opera accompanied by my friend Lord Sligo. It was the first evening after a confinement of many months (in consequence of breaking my leg) that I had been allowed to go out without my crutches, and after the Opera was over, being unable to get my carriage, I determined though still very lame to return to my Lodgings on foot, with the assistance of my Friend's support. As we turned the corner of Lansdowne House into Berkeley Square, he suddenly started, and pointing eagerly before him, said

"There, there, do you see her,—there she is!"

"Who?"

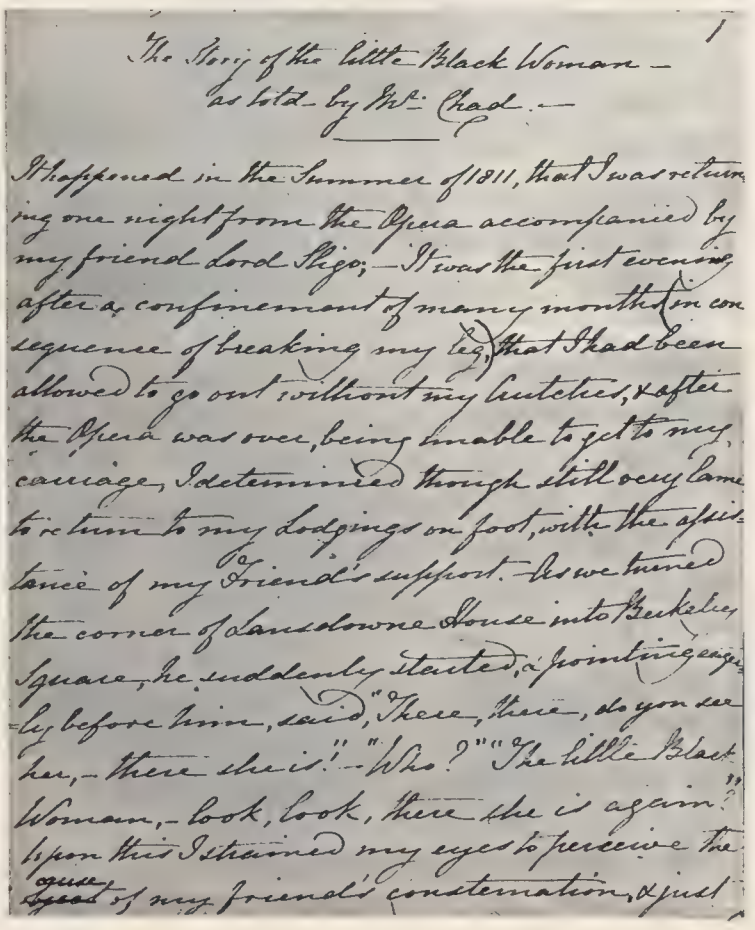
"The little Black Woman,—look, look, there she is again!"

Upon this I strained my eyes to perceive the cause of my friend's consternation, and just caught a glimpse of a little dark figure which flitted by, and disappeared.

"And who *is* the little Black Woman?" said I, turning to Ld. Sligo.

"That is more than I can tell you," replied he, "but I am surprized that you should never yet have heard of her as, for some time past, the streets of London have been infested every night by this odious apparition.—No one knows who, or what she is, but it is become impossible to walk in the streets at night, without coming in sight of her."

Much amused by this account I parted from my friend and thought no more of what I had seen for some weeks, during which time I recovered strength so rapidly, that I was able to walk without assistance. I was again returning one night to my Lodgings in Grosvr St. when I suddenly thought I heard a kind of rustling close to me. I turned round—



A reproduction of the first page of the original manuscript.

and beheld the little Black Woman! It was a diminutive figure clothed entirely in black, and her face covered with a long thick Veil.—Not much pleased with this rencontre, I walked on as fast as I could but she pursued me, and I remarked that her pace was a peculiar sort of run, as if she went upon Castors. Recollecting that she probably wished to discover where I lived for the purpose of tormenting me continually for money, I turned down another street, but soon found that she was determined to follow me, and turn which way I would, I could not avoid her.

At last tired and provoked, I stopt;—and said;—"Now—here are two streets; take which you please, and I will go the other way, for I will not be followed."—

In a sepulchral tone of voice, she then pronounced the words, "Have you the courage to meet me here tomorrow night?"

To which I replied in rather energetic terms "No! you be d——d—I'll have nothing to do with you."—

I then walked on—still she followed—At last my patience and strength quite exhausted I told her I should call the Watch—She continued to follow me till I had reached the Watchmen's Box, and had actually tapped at it, when seeing my fixed determination, she turned round, and disappeared.

On my part I ran as fast as my strength would permit, knocked violently at my door, and almost overturning my Servant, as I entered and precipitately closed it after me, said, "Oh, Lord! I have seen the Black Woman!"

My Servant shook with terror, dropped the Candle, and exclaimed—"Have you indeed, Sir, and did she speak to you?"

[*Continued on following page*

The Story of the Little Black Woman

Continued from page 37]

" Yes, but I got rid of her—and I am tired to Death." So saying I went to Bed.

On the following day I went to Lord Sligo, and related to him my adventure—In return he confided to me under promise of secrecy, that three Men (with whom I was acquainted) had determined to trace this little Black Woman, and spare neither time, or trouble, in discovering her name and history. He promised to tell me the result of their enquiries, and several weeks after, I received from him the following account.—Lord Byron, who was one of the three persons who formed the plan of pursuing this singular creature, was obliged to give up his share of the undertaking, on account of his lameness, as he found it would entail a great deal of walking, and require both speed and strength.—The other two, therefore, (whom I will not mention, as they are yet living,) set out alone one night, well armed, and prepared for the adventure. They had no difficulty in finding the object of their search, as she was always to be seen in the principal streets, at midnight, or soon after.

They followed her close determined to discover her haunts, and abode. For a long time she endeavoured to escape them, by running with great speed down several streets, and dodging continually, —but in vain. Her pursuers kept pace with her, and whenever she stopt to take breath she found them close behind her. She then spoke to them, and remonstrated with them entreating them to leave her, as she did not in any way molest *them*. They answered, that they had determined to follow her, and would do so all night, if necessary, as they were resolved to know where she lived, who she was and from whence she came.—Again she fled from her pursuers, and this time, she led them far into the City, till they found themselves in the haunts of the lower description of people, where the most wretched and miserable portion of the population of London are to be found.

Often as they passed the Watchmen in the deserted streets, they were warned by them to desist

" As she looked, it began to move,

" The sight of a monkey threw him into fits."

from their pursuit and threatened with dreadful snares, and even murder, from the Gang to which they supposed the Black Woman belonged. The two Gentlemen persevered however, and at length the Black Woman stopped—overcome with fatigue.—She then said to them,

" Well, if you are determined to follow me, I cannot prevent you and as I can go no further, I must yield to your desire to see where I live, and what I am."

She then led them down a very small Alley in the middle of the City, and stopped before the door of a miserable looking house. She drew a key from her pocket opened the door and endeavoured to enter too quickly for them to follow her, but prepared for this *ruse*, one of the Gentlemen introduced his arm within the door, in time to prevent its closing, and they both entered the house after her. A small Lamp stood at the foot of a narrow Staircase, which the Black Woman ascended, and taking the lamp in her hand, she shewed them into a wretched Garret, the only furniture of which was a flock bed, a small Table, and a single chair. She sank exhausted into the latter after placing the light upon the table, and the two men established themselves upon the bed.

She then began her Story in the following terms :—

STORY OF THE BLACK WOMAN.

" Many years ago, it happened that a young Man (whose name I need not mention to you) was invited to spend some weeks in the Country, at the house of a respectable friend of his Father's. Journeying thither from London he fell in with an Officer ; with whom he made acquaintance, and entered into conversation. They travelled some way together, and the young Man was so charmed with the wit, the lively conversation, and pleasing manners, of his companion that he offered to introduce him as his friend at the house to which he was going. This proposal being accepted by the Officer, they arrived together at the hospitable mansion, where they were equally well received, and entertained by its inmates.

In a short time the Stranger had made himself the favourite guest of the two ; for in addition to his fascinating manners, and beauty of person, he succeeded in making himself agreeable to every member of the family. He was ever ready to walk or ride with those who

nd came leaping towards her! It grinned horribly in her face—said 'once!' and disappeared."

preferred exercise, to play and sing with such as were Musical, he drank with those who were fond of drinking, laughed with the merry, and was grave and thoughtful with the wise.—In short tho' no one knew more of him, than his name, and rank in the Regiment, to which he belonged, he was treated as a friend, and the attentions which he soon began to pay to the youngest daughter of his hosts, were not discouraged. When the family moved up to town, he continued to visit them there, and met them continually at the Balls, and assemblies, which were given at the time.

In London, they had frequent opportunities, of observing a *peculiarity* in this Officer, which had not escaped them in the Country; He had an inveterate and extraordinary antipathy, to a *Monkey*! The sight of one, threw him into fits, and even the print of an Ape, or the slightest allusion to any of the species, was evidently so acutely painful to him that from the moment his horror of them was discovered by his friends they carefully avoided all mention of the objects of his disgust, and removed every drawing of the kind out of his sight.

It sometimes occurred that when walking with him in the streets of London, they encountered those itinerant showmen, who abound there during the gay season, and who were leading monkies drest up, or on a Camel's back; —On all such occasions, he was thrown into a nervous state so pitiable, that they were shocked to see him so much affected, and much surprised at so invincible, and violent a disgust.

At the close of the Season, before the Family left town, he offered his hand to the object of his affection, and did not meet with an absolute refusal; He accompanied them to the Country, where her Father finding she returned his attachment, gave his consent and he was accepted by her.—

The time of their marriage was fixed, but it was now observed, that, tho' his love seemed undiminished, his cheerfulness was gone!—A deep gloom appeared on his brow, and a settled melancholy had succeeded the cheerful aspect, he had worn during the courtship.—This change of behaviour, was remarked by all around him, and tho' the Bride was unwilling to confess her uneasiness, she became more and more alarmed at the state of his spirits, and the apparent disquietude of his mind. As the Wedding day drew near, his misery seemed to increase, and her anxiety became insupportable.

One evening, after a day of uncommon sultriness the whole party was assembled in a Drawing Room, the windows of which opened down to the ground, and every one was enjoying the fresh Air from the Garden.—

[*Concluded on page* 46

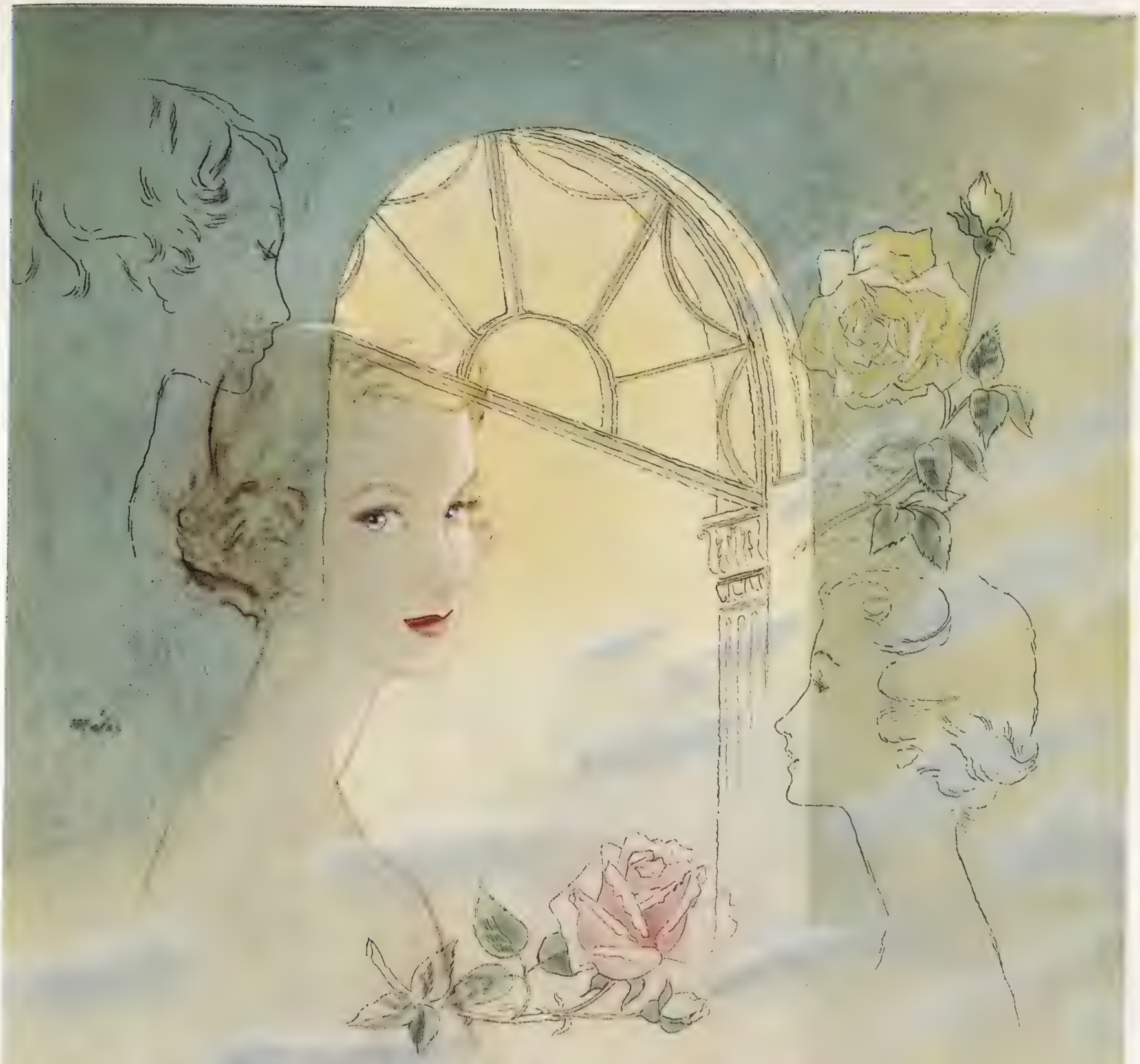
"At that moment the dreadful object *again appeared before her."*

SHOE-SHINE IN THE 'SEVENTIES

OUTSIDE A VICTORIAN 'PUB'

These photographs in the Gernsheim Collection are from J. Thomson and Adolphe Smith's survey of London life in the '70's. Further examples may be found on page 36 of this issue.

ITALIAN STREET MUSICIANS IN 1876



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THE LONG QUEST FOR THE GALLEON

(Continued from page 20)

vigil for Anson, watching her burn through a whole night, with her guns firing as the flames reached them, then blow up.

At the port of Maçao, at the entrance of the Canton river, he gave out that he was bound for Batavia and home. But his mind was still set on that Acapulco galleon, which usually made first land off Cape Espiritu Santo in the Philippines in June; and this year there might be two instead of one owing to the delay. True, they were said to be stout vessels mounting forty-four guns apiece and carrying above 500 hands, and might be escorted. He himself had but 227 hands on the *Centurion*, nearly thirty of them mere boys. But wouldn't they fight like devils with such a prize in view?

Off he sailed for Espiritu Santo, and while prowling off the Cape rigorously exercised his men at action stations. A June day came when, at long last, a month after reaching the station, a cry of "Sail Ho!" from the masthead announced a galleon coming up with the sunrise in the S.E. quarter. The effect on board was electric. Anson at once stood towards her, and by 7.30 was near enough to see her from the deck.

She fired a gun, took in her topgallant sails—presumably as a signal to her consort to hasten up. *Centurion* fired back to leeward "to amuse her." She did not change course, but continued to bear down upon him. By noon they were little more than a league apart; Anson could fetch her wake, so that she could not now escape; no second ship appeared. Then she hauled up her foresail and brought-to under topsails, hoisting Spanish colours, with the standard at the topgallant masthead.

To make the most of his limited strength, Anson sent about thirty of his best marksmen into his tops, and, since he had not enough hands to man each gun fully, put only two to each gun on his lower tire to load it, dividing the rest into gangs of ten or twelve to run out and fire it. In this way he could make the utmost use of his guns, firing at constant intervals instead of broadsides. He knew that it was the Spaniards' custom to drop down on the decks when they saw a broadside preparing, remain there till it was fired, then, when the danger was temporarily over, return to their own guns and fire them. Anson's sporadic cannonade prevented this, to their confusion.

Squalls of wind and rain veiled the galleon at times, but when they cleared she was resolutely lying-to. Within gunshot the *Centurion* hoisted the broad pennant and colours; and, seeing that the Spaniards had neglected to clear their ship and were now pitching cattle and lumber overboard, Anson ordered the chase guns to fire on them to hamper their work.

The galleon replied with two of her stern chase. Anson ordered spritsail yard fore and aft ready for boarding, the Spaniards following suit. Then, keeping to leeward to prevent them putting before the wind and gaining the port of Jalapay some seven leagues distant, the *Centurion* came within pistol-shot and the engagement began in earnest.

For the first half-hour Anson over-reached the galleon and lay on her bow where, by the great width of his ports, he could traverse almost all his guns on her, while she could bring only a part of hers to bear. Wads from the *Centurion* set afire the mats with which she had stuffed her netting, and they blazed half mizzen-top height, throwing the Spaniards into terror and confusion and alarming Anson, who feared his own ship, too, might catch fire, until they frantically cut away the netting, dropping the flaming mass into the sea.

All this time Anson's guns kept up a brisk fire, while his top-men, driving the Spaniards from their tops with a first volley, raked her decks, killing or wounding every officer who appeared on her quarter and wounding her General. For an hour, with the *Centurion* close alongside, the galleon continued to fire briskly, but grape-shot swept her decks so mercilessly, the killed and wounded became so considerable, that the men began to fall into disorder and their General was no longer capable of rallying them. Desperately the surviving officers ran about, trying to prevent their men deserting their posts. But in vain.

She fired five or six more guns, then struck her standard, since her colours had been singed off the ensign staff early in the engagement. A lieutenant ran to Anson to congratulate him on the victory—and to inform him that there was a serious fire near the powder-room, where some cartridges had been accidentally exploded between decks and set fire to a quantity of oakum in the after-hatchway. The dense smoke was alarming, but it was soon put out.

The galleon was the *Nostra Signora de Cabadonga*, much larger than the *Centurion*, with 550 men, thirty-six guns mounted for action, besides twenty-eight pedreroes in her gunwale, quarters and tops, each carrying a 4-lb. ball. She was well equipped with small arms, well protected against boarding, partly by a strong two-inch network laced over her waist, with half-pikes. She thus had a great advantage over the *Centurion*, but Anson's tactics and resource had more than made up the deficiency. She had sixty-seven killed, eighty-four wounded; the *Centurion* only two killed and a lieutenant and sixteen men wounded.

Her treasure, worth nearly a million and a half dollars, comprised 1,313,843 pieces of eight and 35,000 ounces of silver bullion and plate: a rich haul, worth all the patient searching and waiting.

Anson learned from the prisoners that the galleon he penned in Acapulco the previous year had sailed alone some time before the prize, and probably reached Manilla long before he arrived off Espiritu Santo. But for the time lost at Maçao he might have captured her, too.

But he was content. The nearly-three-years' quest, the eighteen months' Pacific search, had ended in victory. He sailed again for Canton with his prize, liberated his prisoners there, then home by way of the Cape of Good Hope—the second British ship besides Drake's *Golden Hind* to sail round the world.

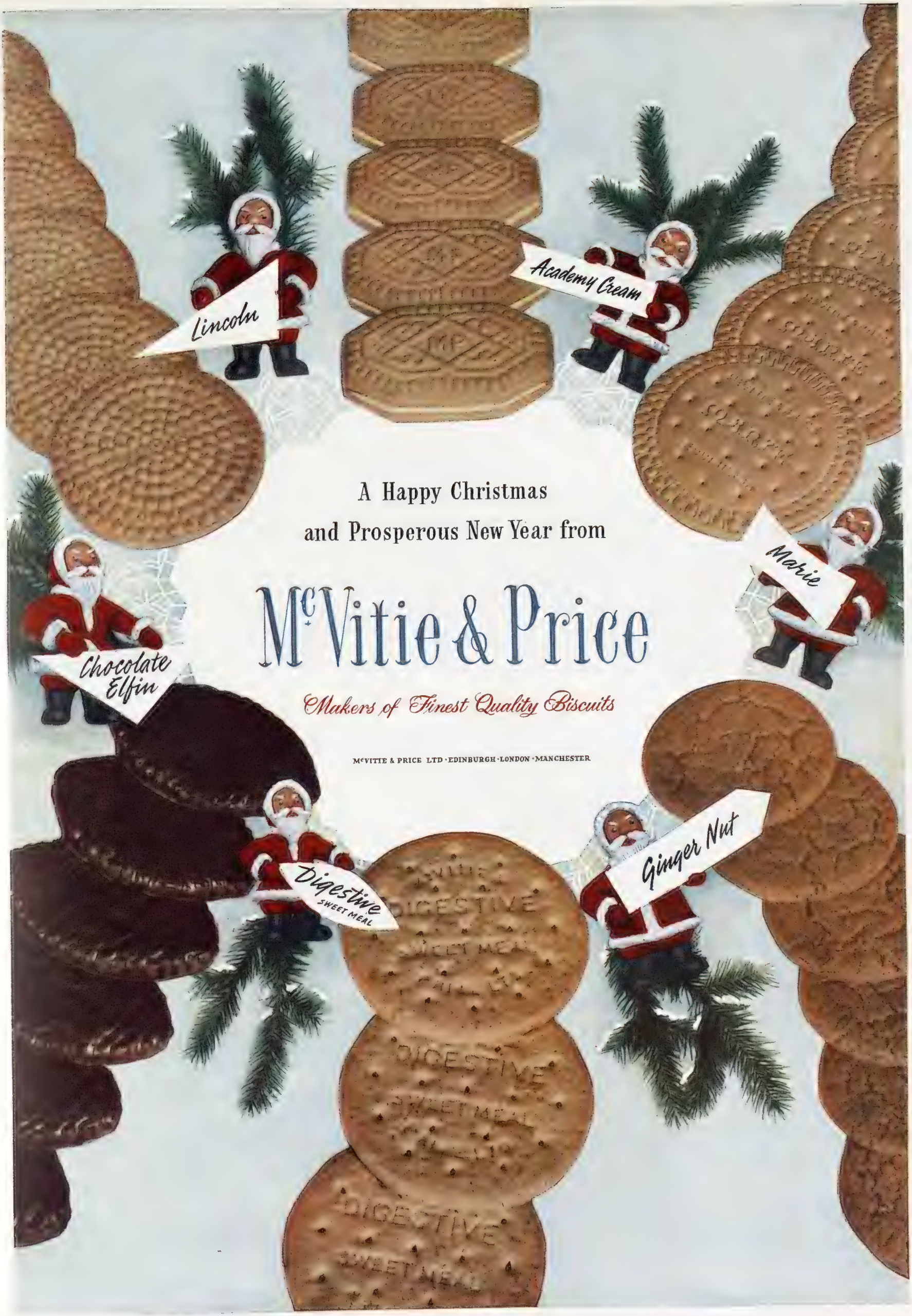
Trevor Allen

By permission of The Parker Gallery

THE BURNING OF THE TOWN OF PAITA ON THE COAST OF SANTA FEE IN THE SOUTH SEA

A hand-coloured engraving, by J. S. Müller of the incident described in The Long Quest for the Galleon.

This contemporary engraving shows the town in flames and some of the wrecks and prizes standing off the shore. On the extreme left is the wreck of one of the two Viceroy's galleys (36 oars) which were sunk; next to it lies the "Aransace" which was taken by the Tryal sloop. Then comes the "Centurion" herself. Next to her and nearer the shore is one of the vessels belonging to local merchants which added to the prize. In the right foreground is the remains of another of the merchants' vessels and, right, another prize, the "Nostra Seigniora del Monte Carmela." On the shore, between the "Centurion" and the merchant's vessel, is the Parish Church of Paita, and on the right of the merchant ship may be seen the Convent of the Mercenarians. Almost directly behind the wreck of the second merchant vessel is the Fort, which mounted thirteen guns. The landing was carried out just beyond the area of the picture, on the right, by fifty-eight men in a barge and two pinnaces.



A Happy Christmas
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FEAST ON A VILLAGE COMMON, by LUCAS VAN VALCKENBORCH

This village scene makes an interesting comparison with the portrait miniatures on pages 13-16 *of this issue. Valckenborch was born ca.* 1540 *and died in* 1623. *He lived in Malines and Nuremburg. The circular panel of the original of the above picture is* $5\frac{1}{8}$ *inches in diameter and is signed with initials and dated* 1569.

LAND OF THE LONE SHIELING

(*Continued from page* 35)

between a flat, wooden spade and a light, wooden plough, still functions well when manipulated by a crofter who is expert with it. Many a crofter declares that soil turned over with it produces better crops than does a patch tilled by an ordinary plough. The *cas-chrom*, they say, enables them to make a deeper furrow than would the usual ploughshare, even were it possible to use the latter on patches so small and uneven.

These cultivated patches are often no more than a few square yards in area. They may be seen on the hillsides, in hollows between crags and outcropping rocks. In the Land of the Lone Shieling they are known as lazy-beds. They are made by trenching in two parallel lines, about five feet apart, and then piling up between these lines what soil is available. On these tiny, raised beds potatoes grow well. Grain crops, on the other hand, are often of poor quality owing to the want of sun and to excessive moisture. These lazy-beds, when too small to be harvested by the scythe, are cropped by sickle.

With the many quaint customs associated with the sparse agriculture of this remote but enchanting land, space will hardly allow of our dealing. Yet, one might just mention the *sugan*—the rope made of straw or of heather or, perhaps, of bent-grass. " None of his people that *we* ever heard of, anyhow, ever dropped a sheaf from the *sugan* ", was the proverb to which the old folks of the Land of the Lone Shieling had recourse when speaking of a man's integrity. The *sugan* had a loop at one end of it. Toward the other end there were three knots, each about six inches apart. When the wintering of the township's bull had to be undertaken by the entire community, a meeting was held, after the harvest had been gathered in, to decide what the bull's allowance should be throughout the winter months. The precise measure was fixed by the *sugan*, which was laid flat on the ground so that the agreed number of sheaves might be placed upon it, in order to permit of its being tied at the knot appropriate to that particular season's harvest. When the harvest was a good one, the *sugan* was tied at the last knot, to allow of its holding the maximum number of sheaves. When the harvest was a poor one, the first knot denoted each crofter's obligation in regard to the bull's fodder. A middling harvest meant that the *sugan* was tied at the middle knot. Each evening the *sugan* was passed on, in rotation, from croft to croft, by the crofter who, that day, had provisioned the bull.

The number of sheaves it held was determined also by the tightness with which they were bound. In the Land of the Lone Shieling, there was no greater disgrace than when a sheaf or two, because of the looseness of the *sugan*, fell out while the crofter was on his way to feed the township's bull. When this occurred it was held that he was trying to deprive the creature of its rightful portion ; and there existed no more damning evidence of his badness of heart ! So this explains why, to this day, in the remoter parts of Celtic Scotland, it is proverbial to speak of a man, or of his family, or of his ancestors, according to their record when the township's bull had to be provided for in this way. A man's integrity was judged by his behaviour when it was his turn to use the *sugan*. Many of the tales of the dreaded water-horse are associated with the shielings, near which lie the lochs and ponds out of which these monsters have stepped to terrify and even destroy the maidens tending the cattle during the summer months. In the west of Lewis there is a shieling known by a Gaelic name signifying the Shieling of the One Night. It was established many generations ago by two families who agreed to share it.

There came an evening in June when all was ready for its occupation. Two cousins, Fair Mary and Dark Mary, were the first and, indeed, the last to occupy it. The Maries were in their early twenties. Having milked the cows at sundown, and seen to the churning, they seated themselves by the low entrance to their temporary summer quarters. There they employed the twilight hour in knitting and in lilting. When putting a light to the rush-lamp there arrived at the shieling an unknown woman, who explained that she had come a long way, that she still had a long way to go, and that she was tired. The innocent Maries saw no reason why she should not tarry the night with them. In fact, they were quite pleased to have her company on their first night at this shieling. There seemed nothing unusual about her. She wore the dress of the peasant woman in the Isles ; and she also spoke the Gaelic.

As it was now getting late, preparations were made for a night's repose on the large shakedown of heather and bracken. After the Maries had given the woman something to eat, all retired peacefully. At dawn, however, Dark Mary was wakened by a warm trickle by her side. She sat up to find that the guest had departed, and that blood was oozing from the breast of her cousin, who was already dead. On pushing open the rude door of the shieling, what did she see but an animal galloping away ? That explained everything ! The galloper was a water-horse !

They say in the Isles that this incident caused much grief among the isles folk, who buried Fair Mary on the slope to the east of the shieling, the tumbledown ruins of which are still to be seen. No one has ever had any desire to rehabilitate this shieling. So to this day it is called the Shieling of the One Night.

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THE WATCH HOUSE AT ST. MARY LE BONE

This aquatint by J. Bluck was first published in 1809 *and depicts a watch house which would have been similar to that used by the watchmen in* The Story of the Little Black Woman. *The original drawing was made by Rowlandson and Pugin in collaboration —the figure work is typical of Rowlandson's style, while the setting is the work of Pugin.*

THE STORY OF THE LITTLE BLACK WOMAN

(*Continued from page* 39)

The lovers wandered out together, and observing the deep melancholy of his countenance she could no longer refrain from communicating to him her uneasiness, and she implored him by every argument she could think of to open his heart to her and relieve his mind of the heavy burden which seemed to lay upon it. As she conjured him by that tie which was shortly to unite them, to disclose to her his fatal secret, he seemed to hesitate, and at length told her though it was out of his power *then* to grant what she demanded, yet that *she* might relieve his mind to a great degree if she would promise him " never to condemn him *unheard* under any *circumstances whatever.*"

She said to him : " Can such a promise be necessary to one for whom I have confessed the tenderest attachment ; and can you think it possible that I should lightly condemn him to whom I am about to bind myself forever ? " He replied with earnestness that her solemn *oath* to this effect would alone ease his mind from the torture he endured. And accordingly she gave him the promise he required, and engaged *never to condemn him unheard.* They returned to the house and he seemed lightened of a heavy load, but *her* mind was less tranquil, and her reflections becoming too agitating to be concealed, she pleaded a headache as an excuse for retiring early, and dismissing her maid sat down in the dressing room to think over all that had passed.

She considered with pain the engagement which had been thought necessary by the man she loved, and pondered over the many circumstances which had already obscured her happiness and might perhaps finally obstruct her union. At this moment, as she raised her eyes listlessly to gaze in the mirror before her, she started on perceiving the reflection of some object in a distant corner of the room! Turning round she saw on the ground a huge brown, shapeless mass which gradually assumed a form resembling that of an *ape*. . . . As she looked it began to move and came leaping towards her! It grinned horribly in her face, said " *Once !* " and disappeared. She had hardly strength to pull the bell before she fell down in horrible convulsions.

Those who came to her assistance alarmed the rest of the family, who were terrified at the state in which they found her. Screams of convulsive agony were followed by long fits of insensibility, and the physicians who were sent for declared her to be suffering from some dreadful nervous affection. Morning came, and she was still by turns delirious and insensible, and the family remained in great uneasiness concerning her. It was now remarked with surprise that during the whole of the alarming scene of the preceding night her lover had been the only person who had never appeared.

On enquiring next morning he was declared to be missing, and no trace was left of his departure or the route he had taken. This additional source of uneasiness was concealed from the sufferer till her reason and tranquillity returning, the truth could no longer be kept from her, and she had the pain of knowing that nothing more had been heard of her intended husband. She made no complaints but her heart was wrung with sorrow, and the only alleviation of her distress was the hope that he might soon be restored to her.

In the following spring the family returned to London and she went out continually to every public place of amusement in the hope of discovering some traces of her lover—but in vain. She returned to the country more miserable than ever and in all the hopelessness of despair. During the long period that elapsed after the fatal night on which she had last beheld him, she betrayed not the circumstances attending his departure to her relations. To *one* person alone she revealed her secret. She had the most perfect confidence in a friend of her father, and to him she gradually confided first the promise she had given, then the dreadful apparition she had witnessed, her subsequent misery, and finally all her fears, hopes and conjectures. Never wearied of listening to her he gave her all the comfort she could derive from the most soothing and friendly sympathy, and her grief became less poignant.

Insensibly her friend assumed the character of a lover. He became ardently attached to her, but struggled long with a passion which he feared could meet with no return. His love increasing, however, from day to day, he ventured on perceiving that her mind had greatly recovered its tranquillity as her sorrow abated, to disclose to her his sentiments and solicit her hand. Shocked at first at the bare idea of what appeared to her as a breach of faith, she could give him no encouragement. But his society was her only comfort and had in fact become necessary to her, and she gradually suffered him to draw from her a confession that she was not insensible to his regard.

In a short time after he succeeded in quieting all the scruples of her conscience, and at last, with her father's consent, she promised to be his. Almost *terrified* at what she had done, and tormented with that internal consciousness of wrong and vague presentiment of evil which were so likely to assail her, she retired to bed but not to sleep. Her recollection of the vow she had pronounced returned clearer than ever, and her fancy recalled the terrible vision which had followed it, till she almost feared to look round her. "What if I should again be visited by that hideous apparition," said she to herself, as she hid her head, trembling, under the bedclothes.

Her terror now increased, and she thought she again heard the rustling noise ! At length she determined to know the worst, and in a fit of desperation raised her head and stared wildly around her, but who shall describe her sensations of horror on again perceiving the huge brown mass in an opposite corner of the room which first assumed its monstrous shape and then leaping towards her, grinned horribly, uttering " *Twice ! Twice !*" and disappeared.

The same dreadful scene ensued. Her cries alarmed the family, and medical assistance being called in, her illness was once more declared to be nervous, and by degrees she recovered. She acquainted her intended husband with all that had passed. Unwilling to add *another* breach of promise to the first and thereby causing the misery of the excellent person who was attached to her, she did not withdraw her consent, and some time after they were married. And on their wedding day and afterwards, though her fears returned in full force, no event occurred to disturb their tranquillity nor was she again alarmed by the dreadful vision which had twice assailed her.

A twelvemonth passed in peace and happiness when she found herself with child, and now her terrors took such possession of her mind that her husband also became alarmed.

Her agony of mind increased as the time of her confinement approached. Suddenly she recollected that her tormentor had never been seen by her but when she was *alone.* She now, therefore, implored those around her never upon any account to leave her alone for a single instant. Her request was immediately complied with, and from that time two persons constantly watched by her and remained with her day and night. The period of her confinement was now at hand. She was in bed, and two of her maids were with her, when suddenly there was a cry of " Fire ! Fire ! " Forgetting everything in the impulse of the moment her two women rushed out of the room and she was preparing to follow them, when the thought occurred to her. " Oh God ! I am alone ! " and she sank back upon the pillow.

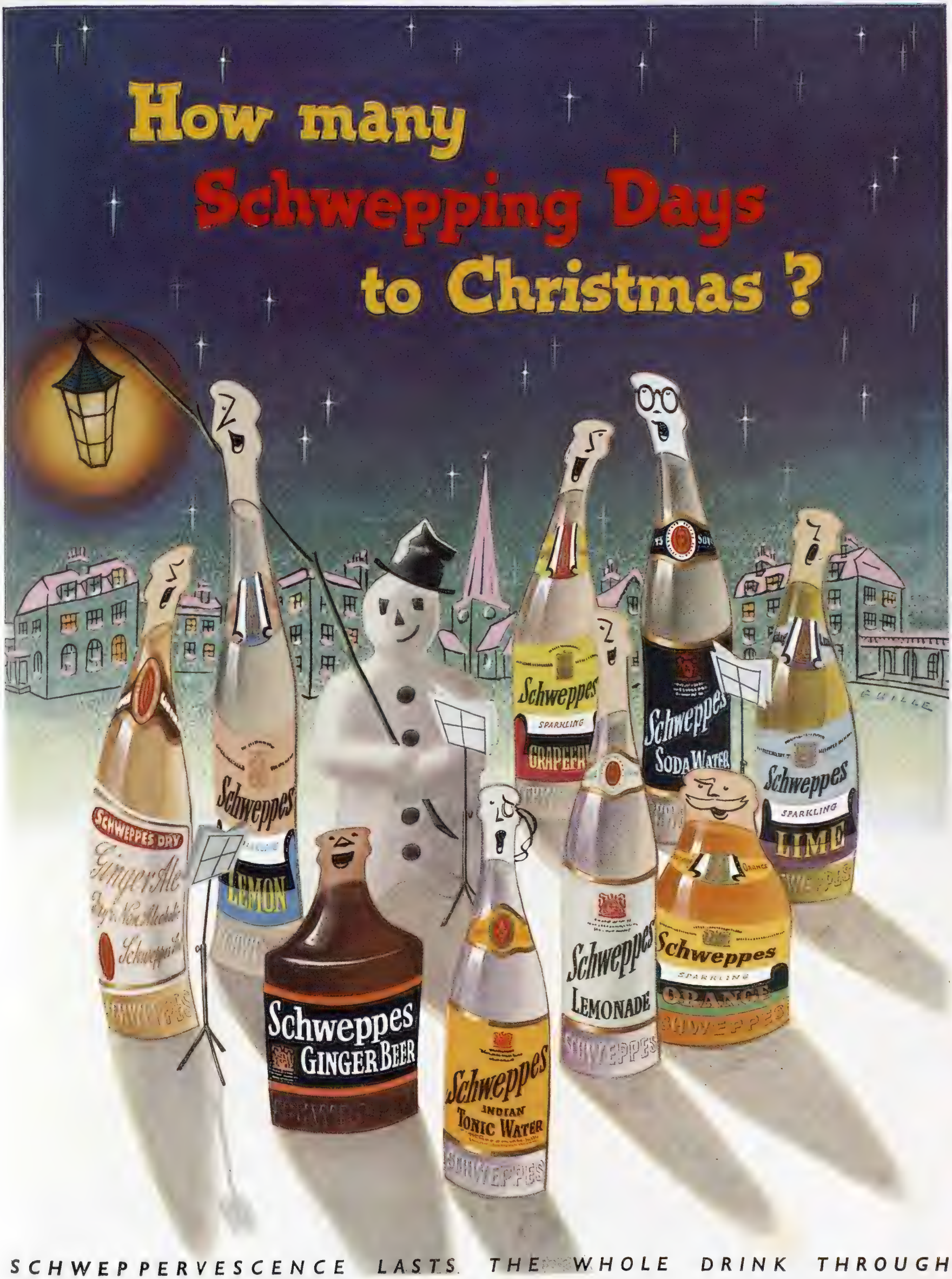
At that moment the *dreadful object* again appeared before her, leapt upon the bed and shouted " *Thrice ! Thrice ! Thrice !* "

She fainted away, and though with great difficulty animation was restored, yet all human efforts were made in vain to preserve her life. Physicians were called in and everything was tried to save her, but nought could avail and she expired soon after giving birth to a dead infant.

Her former lover was never more seen or heard of ; but *I*—*I* am the mother of that man ! !

Saying these words the Black Woman started up, and lifting up her veil disclosed to her astonished hearers the face of an ape ! ! ! At this hideous spectacle the gentlemen were so struck with horror that they darted downstairs into the street and fled with too much precipitation to be able afterwards to designate the abode of the Black Woman.

NOTE.—Some years after, Mr. Chad saw her name mentioned in one of the police reports. She had been taken up as an accomplice to a gang, but nothing being proved against her she was discharged and has not been heard of since.



SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

THE PANTOMIME-THAT-WAS

(*Continued from page 23*)

with great art. He was not content with just skins—he went in for detail. He was thorough. In one of his pantomimes he played two parts—a vampire and a porcupine. The vampire had wings which folded and unfolded at the seeming will of the actor and two great red eyes which flashed or smouldered according to requirement. It flew, it hovered, it swooped on its prey. The porcupine was even more remarkable. It had over 2,000 quills on it which could be raised all at once or one at a time, or in sections. Conquest made the whole thing himself and operated it when playing. That was something like Pantomime—it had even Shakespeare's "fretful" beast beaten to the merest frazzle. Could you see anything like that today?

Magic had a big part in pantomime, as indeed it should. It expressed itself in many ways. Flying ballets still exist but they are as a rule only seen once in the show and all follow the same routine. There are "Greets," "Herring-bones" and traditional movements. In the old days at Drury Lane, the Grigolati Aerial Troupe filled the air above the stage with air "stunts" unequalled by airmen. They were always about, not just now and again. Did the giant call for a bottle of champagne, the cork was a Grigolati who flew out with a resounding pop. Did he cut open a huge pie, out sprang a rabbit who bowed and then leapt down his throat

—another Grigolati. That was the stuff to give them. I saw the whole of the British Army—in miniature but horse, foot and artillery, not forgetting nurses and stretcher bearers—come out of the giant's pockets and perform military evolutions of amazing precision on the stage. There were over one hundred of them, too. It may have been a little British Army, but it went a damn long way, in the traditional manner. Can any child have the luck to see that today? It was during the Boer War.

Where, today, is the Trap Act? We had a glimpse of this at the Dominion Theatre as late as 1930—in a Julian Wylie Pantomime, *Aladdin*. It was performed by Lupino Lane and The Three Pirates. Nipper Lane is probably the last exponent of that piece of magic. It made a real sensation—once it was part of nearly every Harlequinade. You never see "star traps" today and hardly ever even the "grave." But Julian Wylie believed in Pantomime and in Magic. In that same pantomime The Widow Twankey wanted a banquet. Aladdin summoned the faithful Genie of the Lamp and commanded a good feed. Out of a small, ordinary looking wardrobe, standing far away from the side of the stage, came what appeared a ceaseless line of slaves, bearing a twenty-foot table laden with wonderful food. They appeared to come from space—and they did NOT come up a trap door. I refuse to say how it was worked. He had even greater magic in that show, too. Abanazar got hold of the lamp. He rubbed it, the Genie appeared. Abanazar stood before the massive palace, minarets, staircases, domes and all . . . a magnificent scene. "Transport me this palace to the middle of the Desert," he commanded. "Master," replied the Genie, "it is done." There was a blinding flash—and it *was* done, too. There was a completely new, full set before the astonished eyes of the audience. It was as quick as that. Critics used to sit in the front row to discover the secret. They never did. And in *Mother Goose*, the good lady flew over the heads of the audience, now high, now low, backwards and forwards. Sometimes she was at Upper Circle level, sometimes just skimming the heads of the stalls. She came through the proscenium arch and she returned that way. So wires were out of the question. Nobody ever discovered that one, either. Wylie believed in demons. He had one in *Cinderella*, which is usually free from such evil things. But the demon was very useful. He it was who put on the clock at the ball and caught "Cinderella" unawares. He it was who stole the crystal slipper from Prince Charming and heaved it in the lake, chuckling with wicked glee. But the Fairy Queen came to the rescue. She bade her spirits go down into the depth and find the slipper. Down, down, down, into the real water walked the girls, until they were lost to sight beneath the surface. The last one found the slipper and brought it back. Those girls really went into the water—they really were underneath. That mystified everyone, too.

But there was Magic of all kinds in Pantomime then. The principal boys themselves were magical creatures. There never looked the least bit like boys. It was not necessary that they should—that would not be pantomime. They were "fine women" as the phrase then went. Physically speaking there was a lot of them and they were well endowed in the matter of bosoms and thighs. Nobody minded that. Indeed, they liked it. There was a curious glamour about those boys. They could not disguise their femininity and they showed their legs at a time when female legs were a secret. Legs were apparently a masculine prerogative—but they were principal boys. They were more than that—they were heroes right out of fairyland, not of this world at all, but creatures of fantasy, invincible and indomitable. There is a widespread belief that they put in a good deal of time slapping their thighs. They did not. Why should they? It might have split their tights and principal boys have always to find their own tights. It is a Pantomime tradition. What they did was to be Heroes, to declaim their lines, to make love to the principal girl—they mostly embraced her whilst singing a duet, but sang the words not at her but direct at the audience. They had great gusto—as much as Winston Churchill. They were as indomitable as he is. And they never, never used a microphone. There were no such things, but they would have scorned them. They had voices—and knew how to use them. They thrilled their audiences—the grown-up men adored them, the women thought them a bit shocking—but the children accepted them at once for what they were, "Jack," "Dick," "Aladdin," "Robinson Crusoe" or "Prince Charming"—to say nothing of "Colin" or "Robin Hood." What wondrous creatures they were. One recalls a cavalcade of them—Nellie Stewart, one of the best principal boys I ever saw, Alma Stanley, Harriet Vernon, Agnes Delaporte, Lily Harold, Ada Reeve, Ada Blanche, Queenie Leighton and Alexandra Dagmar, to mention only a few. I remember Miss Dagmar especially at the Grand Theatre, Islington. She had a hat of such enormous size—she was not small herself—that when she entered in a front cloth scene, they had to haul it back for her to get on the stage at all. But what a grand performer. I saw a "Sindbad" once of such size that it was not considered feasible for the mechanical Roc to seize and carry her away from the Valley of Diamonds. So the Roc, very conveniently, carried a trapeze in its claws, and when this mighty Sindbad sat on that, the cross bar vanished in the folds of womanly and soft flesh. But the paragon audiences cheered it to the echo. . . . There was no nonsense about those principal boys—they had "attack," a priceless theatrical possession—and they subdued their audiences completely.

"Magical Creatures"—The Principal Boys

AGNES DELAPORTE

LILY HAROLD

BIRDIE SUTHERLAND

And how charming were the principal girls. Marie Lloyd was a principal girl—but that peerless performer was always better on the halls as a single turn than in the mass production of Pantomime. But what about Marie George and the beautiful, sweet-faced and sparkling-eyed Madge Lessing, who still retains all her loveliness and charm. And what about the exquisite Mabel Love—those girls had something indeed.

Gus Harris knew all about magic and illusion when he ruled at Drury Lane. So did Arthur Collins, so did Julian Wylie. But none ever went in for quantity as did the energetic Gus. When told he could only have forty thieves in that pantomime because of the needs of the story, he rebelled. He decided he would not stage the show. Forty was so small a number that he could not be bothered. There was chaos for a while. Then he solved it. All right, there should be forty thieves, but each principal thief should have ten attendant robbers. And so it was.

I wish we could get the magic back into pantomime, the processions and the wonderful massed ballets. I want to see again the stage a mass of girls all representing flowers—I want to see them working like a maze and then evolving into lines of delphiniums, daffodils, snowdrops, narcissi, bluebells—the whole herbaceous border. You have no idea, you young people, how wonderful it was. I want to see Cinderella's coach appear in a flash of time and magic, I want to see the lizards spring up star traps, the rats come hurtling through "vamps" and Cinderella's ball dress clothe her person before our very eyes. I have seen it done, I know how to do it. It takes trouble but it is worth it. But, more than anything else, I want to see a real demon king, in all his grim, bombastic horror. He and the fairy queen are always spoken of as Immortals. I fear their immortality is in doubt.

People say that children do not appreciate magic nowadays, that they are surrounded by miracles like atom bombs, jet planes, the radio and television. But children don't regard those things as miracles or magic. They are used to them. They are, to them, realities. Give them a sight of things they cannot see at home or in real life. Give them fairies, magic and demons. You'll be surprised how they will adore it. And there are grown-ups who will like it, too.

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The Peter Pan Story

How Barrie's immortal play came to be written and produced.

Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens

This Christmas " Peter Pan " will be presented for the forty-sixth time in London. Ever since its first performance at the Duke of York's in 1904, it has been revived every year except for two at the beginning of the last war. It is astonishing how many celebrated actors and actresses have appeared either as Peter Pan, or as Captain Hook and Mr. Darling, for both parts are generally played by the same man. Pauline Chase was one of the most famous Peters, and she played it for eight years, from 1906–1913. Others have included Fay Compton, Gladys Cooper, Dorothy Dickson, Jean Forbes-Robertson, for nine years, from 1927–1934 and again in 1938. In more recent times there have been Anna Neagle, Ann Todd, Glynis Johns, Frances Day, Phyllis Calvert and for the past two years, Margaret Lockwood. Captain Hooks have included Sir Godfrey Tearle, Ernest Thesiger, Sir Ralph Richardson, Charles Laughton, Alastair Sim and Baliol Holloway.

Sir James Barrie originally decided to turn the story into a children's play after he had seen Ellaline Terriss in " Bluebell in Fairyland." He wanted her to play Wendy, and her husband, Sir Seymour Hicks, to play Captain Hook. But

Nina Boucicault, sister of the producer, Dion Boucicault, was the first Peter Pan in 1904.

Gerald du Maurier, the first Mr. Darling and Captain Hook. Arthur Lupino was the Nana.

Ellaline Terriss was unable to accept the part for domestic reasons and Hicks was too busy in his own musical comedy " The Catch of the Season." He did eventually play it, but not until 1938. In the original production, Sir Gerald du Maurier played Captain Hook and Nina Boucicault played Peter.

Sir James Barrie was the son of a Scottish hand-loom weaver. He began his career working on a newspaper, but he was always ambitious to become a dramatist and his first play was produced in 1891. He wrote " Peter Pan " when he was forty-four and at the height of his fame. Strange as it may seem, he could never afterwards remember actually writing it.

Like several famous stories, such as " The Tale of Peter Rabbit " and " Alice in Wonderland," " Peter Pan " started as just a family story. Barrie made it up to amuse the Davies children whom he used to meet out walking in Kensington Gardens. The original for Peter was Peter Davies, who was only four at the time but is now a renowned publisher. First of all the story was called " Peter and Wendy," then it was changed to " The Great White Father " and finally to " Peter Pan." The original version was rather different from the one we know now. The last scene was set in Kensington Gardens, where Starkey was masquerading as a park-keeper and Hook as a schoolmaster. However, the crocodile came up out of the Serpentine and performed his fell deed as efficiently as he does it to-day. Barrie has been proved guilty of copying the names of the pirates out of a book and one of them, Israel Hands, happens also to have been chosen by Robert Louis Stevenson, presumably from the same source, for " Treasure Island."

According to Captain James Hook, he was educated at Eton and Balliol, and when he finally leaps into the sea he cries out " Floreat Etona." Barrie later gave an amusing account of Hook's school life to the Provost of Eton. " He was known to have borrowed books, mainly poetry of the Lake school, from the College Library. He ' bled yellow.' When hard up, he used to cut himself slightly for threepence and considerably for a strawberry mess. Like every honest pirate, he had an Aunt Emily who had shown Peter Pan three of James's school caps hanging on the mantelshelf. He contributed to an Eton newspaper ' A Dissertation upon Roast Pig ' which seems to have merit. Viewed as a pirate, he is another proof of the Etonian's capacity for leadership."

Barrie first read the play to Sir Herbert Tree. But Tree could not see any point in it at all. He not only refused it, but also warned Frohman that Barrie had gone off his head. It must be admitted that in manuscript form the story certainly seems to be an extraordinary concoction. There is the Newfoundland dog, Nana, who is the children's nurse ; her original was Barrie's own dog Luath. Then Mrs. Darling has caught Peter's shadow in the window and has rolled it up and put it away in a drawer. And perhaps the most exciting thing of all, there is the crocodile which has swallowed an eight-day alarm clock and as a result ticks inside like a time bomb. But what makes all this nonsense so charming is its freshness and the delightfully absurd but brilliantly original ideas.

" Peter Pan " was Barrie's dream child, and he was confident of its success and even foresaw that it would be revived regularly for years to come. But Tree had probably made him rather self-conscious about it. So when he timidly handed the manuscript to Charles Frohman, he also offered the rights of another play " Alice Sit-by-the-Fire " free as compensation. But Frohman greatly admired Barrie and had already produced his " Quality Street " and " The Admirable Crichton." He accepted " Peter Pan " without the least hesitation. He engaged Dion Boucicault, Nina's brother, to produce it. The dances were arranged by Willie Warde of George Edwardes and the Gaiety fame and the special music was composed

(Concluded on page 52)

A film star's Peter Pan—Margaret Lockwood as Peter crosses swords with John Justin as Captain Hook.

MERRY GENTLEMAN

"Do you think, Mr. Gerald, that to decorate the late Sir Henry's favourite trophy would be quite appropriate?"

"*Most decidedly, Hawkins. As Mrs. Beeton so rightly said, Moose à la Mistletoe strikes a festive note.*"

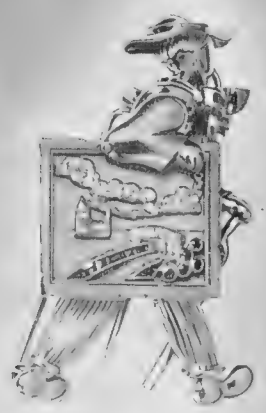
"Very well, sir, but I doubt if your uncle would have approved. On one occasion he took great exception to a ginger moustache which was stuck to Her Ladyship's portrait."

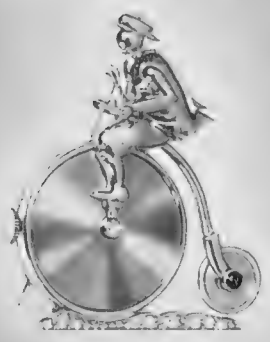
"*At the season of old-world revelry my uncle was remarkably sweet-tempered, provided the stocks of Rose's Lime Juice held out.*"

"Which makes me think, sir—"

"*Well thought, Hawkins — I too am a great man for the wassail. Bring out the gin and Rose's and pour me a very seasonable measure!*"

ROSE'S—*for Gin and Lime*





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Pauline Chase who played Peter for eight years from 1906-1913

THE PETER PAN STORY

(*Continued from page 51*)

by John Crook, generally known as "Croaking Crook." Barrie was really extremely lucky in finding such a generous backer, for Frohman was literally not to be put off at any price. He was simply enchanted with the story and seemed to be completely indifferent to mounting costs and all the risks he had to run. For although "Peter Pan" is an expert piece of craftsmanship, it is an extremely expensive piece to stage. It needs a company of fifty, with twenty-six speaking parts. Also several sets were built and later cheerfully scrapped. Frohman insisted on every detail being as perfect as money could make it, and so Nana's coat alone cost thirty guineas.

Barrie was rather a trying author, for he would keep on changing bits all through the rehearsals right up to the last day. Besides this, several alterations had to be hastily made for technical reasons. Originally it had been planned for an eagle to fly out over the audience, seize up Captain Hook in its talons and drop him into the jaws of the persistent crocodile. But at the dress rehearsal it was found that the machinery would not be ready in time, and so a provisional ending was added and has been kept in ever since.

On the first night, there was no question as to whether it was going to be a success. It caught on right from Nana's first entrance, when she collected the reluctant Michael for his bath. And when the great test came and the audience were asked whether they believed in fairies, there was no need for the orchestra, who had been primed in case of emergency, to clap. But in spite of the first-night success, the piece hung fire, and it was only after a week or two that it really caught on. It ran for a hundred and forty performances and before it had finished, arrangements had been made to revive it the next year. It even beat its formidable rival, the Drury Lane pantomime, though it must in all fairness be admitted that it was the first season after the death of the immortal pair Dan Leno and Campbell.

"Peter Pan" was a new type of children's entertainment. Most of its contemporaries took themselves exceedingly seriously and were always at particular pains to point out the moral for the benefit of the children. It was a rule that the wicked always came to a bad end. Admittedly the wicked come to a bad end in "Peter Pan," but the fact is not mercilessly rubbed in.

On the first night, Peter Davies was ill in bed and so could not go to see the play. It was typical of Frohman that he arranged for the whole company, with as many props as practical, to do a performance in the sick room especially for the little invalid. It must have been the only time a West End production has been performed for one person in a bedroom.

For the first revival, Barrie added another scene. It was the Mermaids' Lagoon, where Peter is stranded helpless on a rock, cut off by the rising tide. He calls out "to die will be an awfully big adventure." However, he manages to escape. Years later, Frohman was drowned when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed. As the ship was sinking, he thought of this line and said, "Why fear death, it is the most beautiful adventure of life."

In May 1912 Barrie had a statue of Peter Pan made by Sir George Frampton to give to the children of London. He had it set up in Kensington Gardens over night so that it would be a surprise. So now, should there ever come a Christmas time when "Peter Pan" is not revived, the statue is still there to remind us of "the boy who wouldn't grow up."

H. E. M. Stone

Sir Seymour Hicks—Captain Hook in 1938

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Shake well with ice. Strain and serve in cocktail glasses.

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For a long drink this cannot be equalled:

Pour a measure of "Myers" into a tall glass. Add two cubes of ice. Fill with a good ginger ale. Put in a round lemon slice. Stir and serve.

MYERS TODDY

This will warm the cockles of your heart—and is simplicity itself to make:

Pour a measure of "Myers" into a cup or glass. Add a tablespoon of sugar and juice of half a lemon. Fill with boiling water. Serve with a pinch of nutmeg or powdered cinnamon on top.

MAKE MINE MYERS

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Rhyme and Reason

by Naidra Cockshut

FOR several hundreds of years nursery rhymes and songs have been handed down by word of mouth from mother to child. Many of the familiar jingles we chanted in the nursery stemmed originally from ancient pagan myths, witches' incantations or libellous songs and satires on historical personages, but in their spoken passage from generation to generation the words have often been mutilated or the original meanings lost.

It is fascinating trying to trace the stories behind some of these old rhymes. Who really were Lucy Lockett, Jack Horner, Goosey Gander, the King of Spain's daughter, Jack Spratt and all the others?

Jack Horner is one whose history has come down most vividly to us. He was steward to the Abbot of Glastonbury in the time of Henry VIII. The King had already turned a very jaundiced eye on this rich monastery and the wily Abbot thought up a charming conceit to placate him. In a great pie he enclosed the title deeds of twelve manors held by the monastery and entrusted this to his steward to carry to London as a gift. But on the way Jack Horner was unable to resist the temptation to pull out a plum for himself, and he abstracted the deeds to the manor house of Mells in Somerset. In due course, having convinced the Abbot that the King himself had granted it him, he took possession of the house, and the Horner family continued to live there until the present generation.

"to pull out a plum"

Old King Cole has a place even further back in history. In the third century while he was still an Earl, he fortified the town of Colchester so strongly that it incurred the displeasure of the reigning King, Asclepiod. Remonstrances and defiance led to a pitched battle in which Asclepiod wa killed and his army defeated, and the Earl of Cole became King in his stead

Lucy Lockett and Kitty Fisher are the names of two famous courtesans i the reign of Charles II, which turns this nursery jingle into an ironic commen on the light fingers of such ladies and their economic instability.

Probably the very first rhyme one learns as a child is "Ring a ring of roses, a pocketful of posies." There is no more enchanting scene than a group of pink-faced toddlers in frilled muslin and organdie squealing with delight over this game at their first party. Yet this song was a bitter parody of death when the dreaded Plague stalked unchecked through London.

The story of Jack and Jill was originally a Scandinavian myth. The two children, Hjuki and Bil, were drawing water at the well when they were snatched up into the sky by Mani the moon. For many children in the north they are still to be seen in the face of the moon with their bucket slung on a pole between them instead of the more usual eyes, nose and mouth we look for in England.

"nothing in Lucy Lockett's pocket"

Humpty-Dumpty's rhyme incorporates perhaps the oldest folklore of all, for here is the ancient Egg myth—the almost sacred symbol of the origin of the universe. In the Finnish epic Kalevala, one is told that when the World Egg fell and broke, the upper part became the vault of the heavens and the lower part the earth, while the yolk formed the sun, the white the moon and the splintered fragments of shell all the stars.

It is amusing to think that it was stately Queen Elizabeth who is said to have had "a little mouse under her chair" in "Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?" Another rhyme associated with her

(*Concluded on page 56*)

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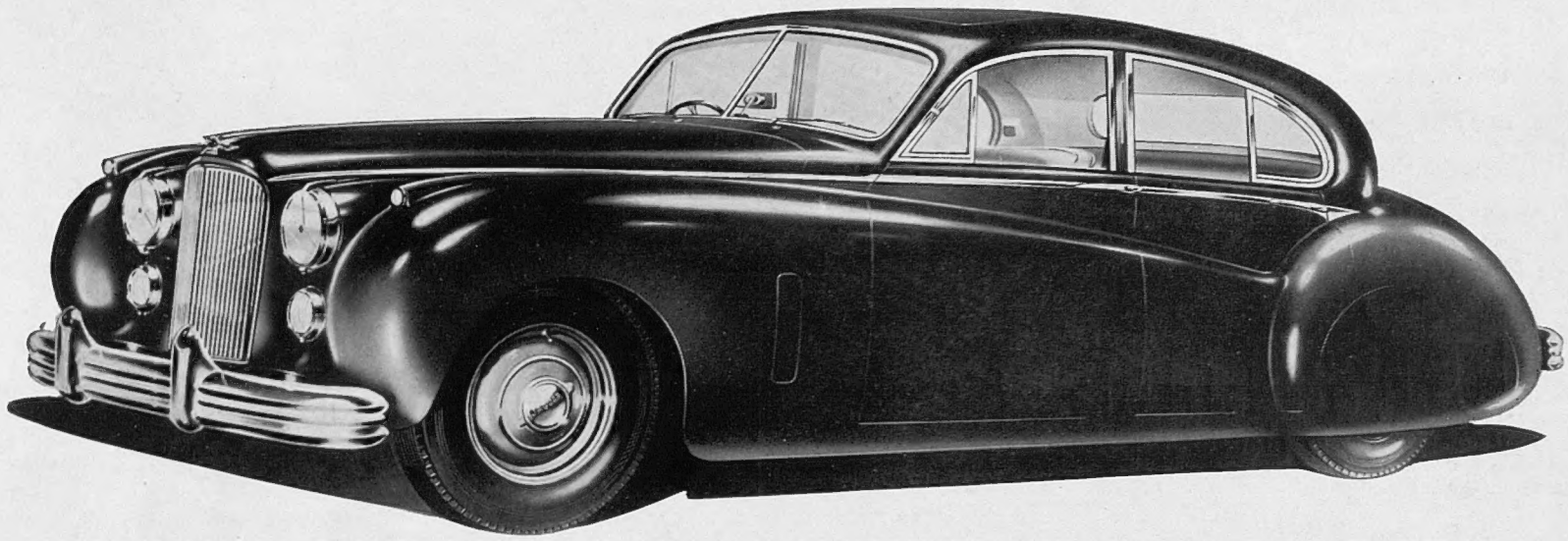

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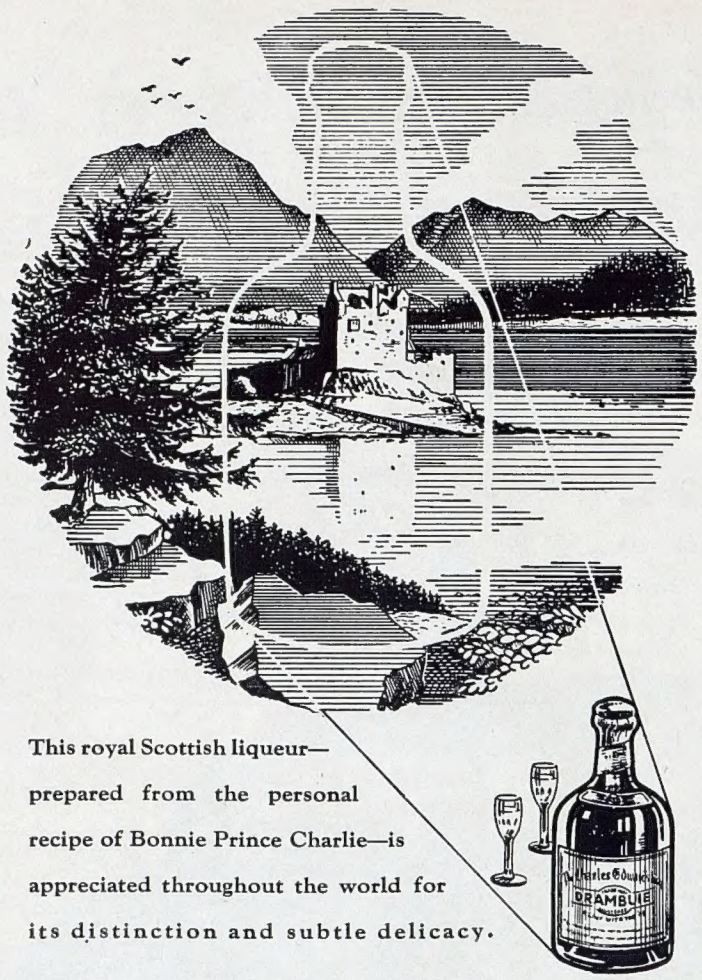

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RHYME AND REASON

(*Continued from page 54*)

name is "A frog he would a-wooing go," the frog being her little hump-backed suitor the Duc d'Alençon. "Goosey, Goosey Gander" is supposed to be an impudent reference to the Catholic prelate Bishop Gardiner's close association with Bloody Mary.

"Here we go Loopy Loo," a game rhyme more familiar in the north of England than the south until it was recently adapted as a dance tune, is thought to have been an incantation used on the Witches' Sabbath. Another popular dance tune of to-day, "Mares Eat Oats," began as a nonsense rhyme in the reign of Henry VI in the fifteenth century.

"a mouse under her *chair"*

Much of the charm of nursery rhymes lies in their gay absurdities, and "Sing a Song of Sixpence" seems an example of this moonshine madness. How could two dozen blackbirds fly singing out of a newly-baked pie! But in 1589, in a cookery book called "Epulario, or the Italian Banquet," a recipe is given to "*make pies so that the birds be alive in them, and flie out when it is cut up.*"

Again, that magic little nut-tree, which would bear nothing "But a silver nutmeg and a golden pear," may not have seemed such nonsense in the sixteenth century, for at the end of Elizabeth's reign Harrison was writing:

"*We have the most delicate apples, plummes, pears, walnuts, filberds, etc. . . . We have in like sort such workmen as are not onlie excellent in graffing the naturall fruits, but also in their artificial mixtures, whereby one tree bringeth forth sundrie fruits, and one and the same fruit of divers colours and tastes. . . .*"

"two dozen blackbirds"

The "King of Spain's daughter" was poor Juana of Castile, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. It seems ironical that the young princess who inspired this carefree little love song should herself go mad for unrequited love. Married for reasons of statecraft to the Emperor Maximilian's only son, this girl of seventeen fell violently in love with her husband. But Philip the handsome was pleasure loving and faithless, and for ten years she endured every torture that fanatical love can create in an unstable mind. In her jealous hatred of her own sex she dismissed all her female attendants; even after Philip's death she refused to allow his coffin to rest overnight in a convent, camping rather in the wintry fields and by the light of torches tearing open the coffin for fear the nuns had stolen his body. For the last forty-seven years of her life this poor creature, Queen of Castile and mother of the Emperor Charles V, was confined behind bars.

"that little magic nut-tree"

Here is indeed a sombre tale to find at the back of a simple nursery rhyme, and one wonders whether it is wise to destroy the innocent charm of these songs by too much research. Of course, many of the characters were simply names invented by lazy-minded poets, as in the candle riddle:

Little Nancy Etticoat,
In her white petticoat
And a red nose,
The longer she lives
The shorter she grows.

Miss Muffet on her tuffet, Polly Flinders in the cinders are probably other examples of this, while most of the game songs have no sinister history. But many more of the old rhymes will probably remain an enigma in spite of scholastic endeavour, and one is, after all, almost glad to think that the old woman will continue to be inexplicably tossed in a blanket, the mouse run down the clock and the cow jump inconsequently over the moon.

This England . . .

Site of the Rufus Stone, New Forest

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR it was who decreed the Forest which remains New to this day. And when his sons were killed within its bounds, Richard by a stag, by an arrow William Rufus, men called this Heaven's Judgement. For Forest Law meant oppression and impoverishment, which in this and other forms the people fiercely resisted. To such purpose, indeed, that in time they won to the Assizes of Bread and Ale that protected the staples of their life; the more welcome since, so the chronicler tells us, English ale was even then the best in Europe. So it remains, and today, with an added excellence first developed in Tudor times, it is yours in all the rich golden glory of Bass and Worthington.

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